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FIXING THE COCKADE—ROMANCE IN THE GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 19, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving of the Races at Hong-Kong, and other attractive features.*

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WHICH IS THE HARD-MONEY PARTY?

THE letter of Mr. Schurz upon the political situation effectually disposes of all cavil at his decision, and that of the great body of independent voters, to support Hayes and Wheeler. There is no question that it represents the present disposition of the wide-spread and commanding sentiment from which the May conference sprang, very much more truly than the letter of Mr. Parke Godwin. As a special rejoinder to Mr. Ottendorfer, the letter of Mr. Schurz is conclusive. It recalls many of the strong expressions of condemnation and distrust of Mr. Tilden which have appeared in Mr. Ottendorfer's paper. He there appeared, according to Mr. Schurz, as "a demagogue and a grasper after popularity," which is a description as severe as can be found in any Republican journal. Mr. Schurz admirably sets forth the financial weakness of the Democratic party in this campaign, and the comparative position of the two parties upon this subject deserves the careful consideration of candid voters.

In recently speaking of the unity of parties, we pointed out that upon several vital questions neither party is harmonious. In both there is difference of opinion, and a contest more or less sharply defined. The absurdity of the conclusion that in this state of things the Republican party, as such, is to be denounced, and the Democratic, as such, to be preferred, is therefore evident. The real general question of the campaign is, in which party, judging from its general character, spirit, and tendency, is the better element likely to prevail? Financially, the question for all who believe that prosperity can not revive until confidence is restored, and who see that confidence is impossible while the financial policy of the government is uncertain and incalculable—the question for such persons is, which party gives the better earnest of a speedy return to a sound or hard-money basis? This must be determined by a general survey of the recent action of both parties upon the subject. Take first that of the Republican. It is true that some Republican Senators and leaders have coquetted with the rag baby. It is true also that every Republican State Convention has not been decided in expression upon the subject, and that the late National Convention refused to urge Congress to provide for carrying out the Resumption Act of 1875. These things show an unsound element in the party. But, on the other hand, its great battle of last year was fought in Ohio upon the hard-money issue, which was met firmly and fully. The hard-money Republican candidate was elected, and he is to-day the Republican candidate for the Presidency. He is one of the most positive of hard-money men, and has frankly declared his opposition to a repeal of the Resumption Act, unless a more stringent one should be substituted. The nomination of such a candidate after such a declaration is quite as significant as the action of the Convention upon the resumption resolution of Mr. Davis. With this hard-money candidate is associated Mr. Wheeler, a man of equally strong convictions and assured position upon the subject. And in the State of New York the Republican Legislature last winter demanded national legislation to make the Resumption Act more efficient for its purpose. Add to this that the general tone of the party press upon the subject is sound and healthful, and that the party is strongest in the parts of the country where hard-money views are dominant. All this, indeed, does not show that the Republican is a hard-money in the same sense that it was an antislavery party. But to the practical hard-money American voter it shows that this is the party for him to sustain, unless the other offers a fairer record and promise.

Now what is the position of the Democratic party upon this question? It contains the great majority of the soft-money men in the country. In its National Convention of 1868 it demanded a form of repudiation. In the great central States of Ohio and Pennsylvania last year it contested the election as a party of inflation. It has constantly sought, by a large majority of its members in the House of Representatives, to repeal the Resumption Act, or to secure some scheme of inflation. Many of the best men in the party, notwithstanding the strength of their party ties, feel the danger that must arise in the financial direction from a general party success; and the great, final, conclusive evidence of the essential and perilous unsoundness of the party upon the subject is found in the action of its late National Convention. It was so conscious of the enormous soft-money element in the party, whose votes are indispensable to success, that it nominated one hard-money and one soft-money candidate, and placed them upon an acknowledged compromise platform, which demanded the repeal of the pledge of resumption. This action is the distinct recognition of the power of the inflation element in the party, and it will encourage it to strain every nerve to elect members of Congress of the same views, that it may control the party financial policy. There was nothing of this kind of contest or compromise in the Republican Convention. It made, as we think, the mistake of not treating the Resumption Bill in the same way that its candidate approves it; but its declaration that honor and morality require the speediest return to hard money was confirmed by the nomination of two candidates who represent that faith to the utmost.

These facts are stated in his own way and with great force by Mr. Schurz. Is it surprising that they serve to assure him, an earnest and proved advocate of sound finance, that Democratic success must certainly and necessarily sink the country deeper in the slough? Indeed, it seems hardly possible that any one who is familiar with the late political history of the country should seriously assert that he thinks the financial views and promise of the Democratic party to be sounder and more hopeful than those of the Republican party. A year ago, in Ohio, Sam Cary, a sheer demagogue, was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor upon an inflation platform, and this year he naturally incites a mob to demand bread or blood. It is true that the Republican Judge Kelley supported Cary's general position, but not less did the Democratic Governor Tilden, who publicly expressed his hope of Democratic success by the election of Allen and Cary. Judge Kelley was virtually repudiated by his party upon this point. But Governor Tilden's party has made immense concessions to its Cary brethren, and has nominated an inflationist to secure their votes. Is this the party to maintain the national financial honor, and to secure what the best men of all parties sincerely desire—a sure and swift return to a hard-money basis? The opinion of Mr. Schurz upon this subject is that of the great mass of patriotic citizens.

PARTY HARMONY.

A Western Democratic paper says,

> "While the Conkling and anti-Conkling factions of New York are engaged in a beautiful family broil, the Democracy of that State are come up shoulder to shoulder for Tilden and reform."

This is intended as a disparagement of the Republican party, but it is really its highest praise. The paragraph points out that very difference between the parties which most warmly commends the Republican to the sympathy and the support of all good citizens. That difference consists in the very much greater independence of the Republicans. And what does that independence mean but a subordination of party spirit to patriotism—the disposition to prefer the public welfare to mere party success? It is true that a voter sustains a certain party because he believes its character and principles to be more favorable to the national welfare than those of the other. But to make this an excuse for voting for all candidates and all measures that may be presented in the party name is in an honest and intelligent community to strike at the national welfare by destroying the party. There are a great number of voters who usually and by preference sustain Republican nominations, who, if they are opposed to a certain action upon serious grounds, do not support that action merely because it is adopted as that of the party. It is not a question of the greater wisdom of the majority, because party action, as in a nominating convention, is quite as often due to the intrigues of a few as to the general consent of the party. It was a feeling that sprang from the drill of the Democratic party, derived from Aaron Burr, that made a Tammany orator say that he would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated. That has never been the feeling of the Republican party, not because it had no unscrupulous partisans, but because it has always had too large a patriotic and honest element.

The difference of the spirit in the two parties is shown in the very instance cited by the Western paper. The Republican opposition in New York to the nomination of Senator Conkling at Cincinnati was wholly impersonal. The strongest opponents of the nomination frankly acknowledged his high personal character and his ability and service. If questions had been suggested in regard to his professional action in certain instances, they were vague and undefined, and if considered as possible elements of opposition, they were in no sense the moving cause of hostility to his nomination. In the judgment of the Republicans who opposed him, Mr. Conkling was too closely identified with those things which the Republicans must show that they mean to reform, or else abandon the contest. They were of opinion, also, that those things ought not to continue, and they opposed the nomination of Mr. Conkling, as they would have opposed that of General Grant for a third term. Had Mr. Conkling been nominated, nobody who knew the character of the protest against him can doubt that a very large body of those opponents would for the same reason have declined to vote for him. And if they had been told that they promoted Democratic success, they would have replied unanswerably that the consequences of a nomination properly rest upon those who make it. It was the consciousness of this spirit of intelligent independence among Republicans that controlled the Cincinnati nomination.

On the other hand, Mr. Tilden's Democratic opponents in New York threw suspicion upon his personal character. They said not only that he was unavailable upon political grounds, and would certainly lose the State, but they implied that he was not honest. The most able, resolute, and conspicuous organ of opposition to his nomination said, within less than a week of the St. Louis Convention:

> "We know more than we care to publish of the weak points in Governor Tilden's railroad record.... His wealth is equal to his ambition, and his ambition, as we have had occasion to show, is of that selfish and unscrupulous kind which not only does not admit of defense, but which proves that he is not the right man for the times, and certainly not for the Democratic party to nominate as President....A pure man and a clean record is just what the country demands....A man who has dealt so largely in railroads and profited so largely by them will not be trusted as a candidate. The losses have been too frightful upon the one hand, and the private gains too enormous on the other, to make any man identified as Mr. Tilden is with railroads the proper candidate for President of the United States."

The insinuation and implication of such remarks are evident. But those who publicly uttered these sentiments are now vehement supporters of Mr. Tilden, and the inevitable conclusion is that they think a Democratic lawyer who in their opinion has amassed a large fortune by disreputable, selfish, and suspicious transactions with railroads, would make a safer President than a spotless Republican against whose public, professional, and private character and career no Democrat, however partisan, can say a word. What is this but an illustration of the maxim that if the devil be regularly nominated, he must be supported? The Democrats were filled with horror that Republicans should even entertain the idea of the nomination of Mr. Blaine, who had been charged with some kind of improper connection with railroads. But the very Democrats who were loudest in the cry against Mr. Blaine on that ground, and who covertly accused Mr. Tilden of illicit gains from railroads, are now, as the Western Democratic paper exultingly says, coming up shoulder to shoulder in New York for "Tilden and reform."

We are very happy to admit that there is no harmony of this kind among New York Republicans. Those among them who were opposed upon just public and political grounds to the nomination of Mr. Conkling at Cincinnati, because of his identification with courses that they did not approve, and which they believed to be injurious to the public welfare, are equally opposed to the slate nomination at Saratoga of any representative of the same spirit and methods. And in the last case, as in the first, it is upon public grounds, and is not attended with the least imputation upon individual character. This sincere impersonal difference, which is steadfastly maintained for the sake of the principle involved, is the evidence to the good sense of the country of that conviction and courage among Republicans which are the promise and guarantee of sound national administration. For they show what President Hayes has to rely upon in his party, in which is not one man who has ever aspersed his personal integrity; while President Tilden and "reform" would depend upon the "harmony" of those who believe him to be upright and those who say that if a pure man and a clean record are desirable, he is not the proper man for President.

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY AND REFORM.

A year ago we commended Governor Tilden for calling the attention of the Legislature to the fraudulent canal contracts, and for initiating proceedings against the thieves. The Republican Senate co-operated with him by authorizing the necessary measures and by confirming the commission named by the Governor. The method of his action, however, soon showed that it was designed to advance his personal political fortunes, and our interest, with that of multitudes of other Republicans, naturally declined, because it was evident that reform based upon selfish individual aspiration was not very promising for the public advantage. More than a year has passed, and the Governor has secured the nomination of his party for the Presidency; but the actual results of the reform are ludicrous. George D. Lord has been convicted and awaits sentence. No other offender, we believe, has been punished, and the amount recovered to the Treasury is inconsiderable. There were a great many very elaborate reports from the commission just before the election last year, describing the details of the frauds. But the constitutional amendments adopted before the commission was appointed had already prevented the perpetration of such frauds in future. It is not unfair to say that the Governor's action in regard to the canal frauds shows not so much a single and instinctive desire for honest administration, as the perception of a wary party politician, ambitious of the Presidency, that under existing circumstances "reform" was a trump card to play. If such a view should be thought to be partisan and ungenerous, it is confirmed by the fact that, during a long career as a Democrat, Governor Tilden has been known only as a most faithful and unprotesting "machine" politician.

But another kind of confirmation is found in his eagerness to claim for himself a reputation for reform which does not belong to him. This, indeed, is not easy to reconcile with his character as a candid man. It would not be surprising in a public man who claimed to be a mere politician, but Governor Tilden takes a loftier tone. He speaks of himself as entering upon the duties of the Presidency, should he be elected, in that "spirit of consecration with which the soldier enters battle." This is very fine. But this is properly the tone of perfect candor, and of that only. Now Governor Tilden's claims in regard to the reduction of taxation in this State under his administration are not candid. The two arguments which are urged out of the State in favor of his election are that he has exposed and punished the canal frauds and reduced taxation in New York. At the Democratic ratification meeting in Boston, Judge Abbott called Governor Tilden, amidst great applause, "a man who has proved by his acts that he is capable in a year and a half of reducing the burden of taxes in the great Empire State of New York nearly one-half." Judge Abbott has evidently taken the Governor at his own word.

Governor Tilden says that "the whole saving in 1876, as compared with 1874...... is $7,936,155. Of that sum $1,712,830 is in the diminished payment on debts; all the residue, $6,223,325, is in real economies." The Governor here claims that the greater economy of expenditure under his administration has saved this last amount to the tax-payers. Now the total tax of 1874 was, in round numbers, $16,000,000, and that of 1876 was $8,000,000. Of this total the sum levied in 1874 for the payment of debts and the sinking funds was nearly $6,000,000; the tax levied for 1876 for the same purposes is nearly $800,000. This first sum of $6,000,000 was not for a dollar of expenses, but for extinguishing debt and for the sinking funds. And the difference of more than $5,000,000 is due to the extinction of the debt and to the filling up of the sinking funds, and not at all, as Governor Tilden claims, to the reduction of expenses, or what he calls real economies. The taxes are undoubtedly less this year. But it is not because Governor Tilden has reduced expenses, but because debts have been paid. And provision for the payment and for the relief of the tax-payers is due to Republican administration. When Governor Dix's term began in 1872, there were $11,000,000 to be restored to the sinking funds, from which they had been taken by the Democratic party to help out the State payments. Under Governor Dix this amount was restored, and the sinking funds were made complete. The whole indebtedness of the State was reduced during the same time more than $8,000,000. Governor Dix stated at the close of his term that if the Republicans retained the power until 1877, the bounty debt of $21,000,000 would be paid off without increased taxation, and he anticipated from the extinction of debt already going on a relief to the tax-payers of $4,000,000. The result, owing to the large premium upon sinking fund investments made by the Republicans, was even better than Governor Dix anticipated.

This reduction of taxation, due to Governor Dix's interference on behalf of the sinking funds and to the paying off of debts, is claimed by Governor Tilden and his supporters to be due to greater economy of administration. The Governor substantially says to the farmers and all other tax-payers of the State that his skill and thrift have enabled him to reduce the expenses of the government by six millions of dollars, or, as Judge Abbott states in Boston, he has reduced the burden of taxes nearly one-half. This is the impression that the Governor seeks to convey, and, by conveying, to promote his election to the Presidency. It is an untruthful impression. He and his administration have not reduced taxation by reducing expenses. Taxation has been reduced by the payment of debts, for which payment Governor Tilden did not make provision, but which he found made. He is fond of appealing to the farmers. Let the farmers of New York understand that the Governor is entitled to the credit of reducing taxes exactly as a man who buys in September a field that was plowed and planted by his neighbor in May is entitled to the credit of a great crop.

MR. TILDEN AND TWEED.

The New York *World* asserts that *Harper's Weekly* has changed its tone in speaking of Governor Tilden, and in proof of its assertion quotes from a communication upon the Tweed Ring and its exposure, which was signed by the author, and published in the *Weekly* last November. The Buffalo *Courier* goes further, and, with unpardonable indifference to the facts and ludicrous negligence, says that "the New York *Times* had been making a great parade of figures" to show the Tweed crimes, and that this communication was the editorial rejoinder of the *Weekly* to the *Times* in favor of Mr. Tilden, and that all this was "last November." The communication in question was a thorough review of the whole subject from the writer's point of view, to which he signed his name. The exposures in the *Times* were not what the Buffalo *Courier* says it "had been making," but those which it had made more than four years before, and the "editorial" called attention to the communication, which arraigned the action of the Court of Appeals, as written in good faith and after careful study. The editorial, from which the passage quoted is not, as the *World* and *Courier* allege, an extract, did not express agreement with any view taken of Mr. Tilden's course in the article. The statement of the two papers is an entire misrepresentation.

The opinions of the *Weekly*, as of the *World* and the *Courier*, are found in its editorial columns, and not in its correspondence. Those opinions in regard to Mr. Tilden's association with Tweed have been always the same, and were expressed in much the same terms when he was nominated for Governor as now when he is a candidate for the Presidency. Those opinions are founded upon the fact that while Mr. Tilden undoubtedly despised Tweed, yet, as a Democratic politician and for the sake of the Democratic party, he practically gave his countenance to him, and instead of openly and manfully opposing him, and seeking to rally around himself the better elements of his party, Mr. Tilden, during Tweed's ascendency, was content to denounce the Republican party and centralization, which was what Tweed desired; that when public opinion, without regard to party, was indignantly aroused, and good citizens every where were combining to overthrow the Ring, Mr. Tilden hesitated and delayed; that he declined to attend the great meeting at which the Committee of Seventy was appointed to head the movement against Tweed, just as he declined, when Sumter was fired upon, to join in the great meeting to pledge New York to the support of the government; and that he did not heartily and unreservedly engage in the crusade against Tweed until he saw that he could do so without injury to the Democratic party or to his standing in it. And we have always said that when he thought that result secure, he worked zealously and efficiently for the exposure of Tweed.

This has been the unchanged opinion of *Harper's Weekly* upon the subject, and the *World* and Buffalo *Courier* merely "gnaw a file" in quoting the words and views of our correspondents as our own. The essential and insuperable difficulty of Mr. Tilden's position is that, being a thorough and uncompromising Democratic party politician, sharing in its Copperhead sympathies and actions during the war, and shrinking from openly and resolutely defying Tweed until the whole State and all parties had risen against him, he now offers himself as peculiarly a "reformer." But, as we have said more than once during the last two years, if the final exposure of Tweed had not been made in the New York *Times*, and without any assistance or apparent sympathy from Mr. Tilden, and if Tweed's supremacy in his party had remained what it was when Mr. Tilden co-operated with his action in the party conventions, and when the Ring infamously forged Mr. Tilden's name without personal denunciation of them by him, we see no reason to suppose that Mr. Tilden would not have remained silent. And this, notwithstanding the fact, which we have also always stated, that "when he once took hold of the Tweed prosecution," he "joined in pushing it relentlessly to the end."

These are the opinions of *Harper's Weekly* in regard to Mr. Tilden and Tweed. It has always expressed them frankly, and it has never expressed any other.

SENATOR GORDON'S NON-PARTISAN INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE.

We have heretofore spoken of the speech of the Democratic Senator Gordon, from Georgia, upon a non-partisan internal revenue service. The Senator has now introduced a bill to provide for this object, which we have read with great interest. Its provisions, so far as they can be clearly inferred—for the bill is very loosely drawn—are as follows: all appointments to be made to the lowest grades upon competitive examination; the upper grades to be filled by promotion; three examiners, not all of the same party, to be named by the Commissioner, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, to examine those who are presented by the Commissioner; no applicant to be refused examination because of his party; the examination to regard character, capacity, and fitness; the results to be reported to the appointing power, and the appointments "may" be made from the applicants examined; promotions also to be made upon competitive examinations, under direction of the Commissioner and the Secretary; and the Commissioner, with the Secretary's approval, may remove any officer in his department for incompetency, malfeasance in office, official neglect, paying money for political purposes, or for using official influence for such purposes, but for such causes only.

It is not clear from the bill whether the nature of a competitive examination is distinctly understood. A true examination of this kind results in the superiority of one person. Therefore, if strictly enforced, it would designate one person only to be named to every vacancy. This may be contemplated by the bill, but it does not plainly appear. It seems rather to intend a class of persons from which the appointing power is to select. This would be the result of what is known as a standard or pass examination, which, as experience in England and in the United States has proved, amounts to nothing. Another observable point in the scheme is that no applicant is to be examined unless he is presented by the Commissioner. This is the old "nomination" system in England, and it resulted in making the system of influence more pointed and effective. It was found abortive for any good purpose, and abandoned. If, as the bill seems to imply, the examination is not to be really competitive, the result would be that the political pressure would be directed upon the Commissioner to nominate, and then upon the examiners to make the standard merely nominal, and finally upon the appointing power to appoint the favored applicant. There is nothing in the scheme thus far that would not be entirely flexible. There is nothing to prevent the Commissioner nominating or refusing to nominate for examination at his pleasure. There is nothing to prevent the examination from being as merely formal as it is in the Custom-house now. There is no remedy here for mischief. For nobody is appointed now except upon some form of examination, and nobody passes through the form except at the pleasure of the appointing power. Thus far the bill seems to do something, but does nothing.

Then comes an extraordinary provision. Even assuming that the Commissioner has nominated impartially, and that the examination has been rigorous, and that all "bummers" have been dropped, the bill does not require the appointment to be made from those who are proved to be competent and fit. It provides only that the appointment "may" or may not be made from them. We have no reason whatever to doubt the sincere desire of Senator Gordon to secure some kind of reform in the method of appointment. But his scheme is fatally defective. If the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and the Secretary of the Treasury and the President were all resolute and intelligent reformers, this scheme, like any other, would be serviceable. But those officers would very soon discover that such a bill contains no reform of the present system, although it is an expression of desire of such reform, and is therefore entitled to the respectful consideration of those who comprehend the necessity of some decisive action upon the subject.

THE HAMBURG BUTCHERY.

President Grant, on the 1st inst., sent to the Senate a message concerning the recent massacre of negroes at Hamburg, South Carolina, and with it a copy of the following letter to Governor Chamberlain:

"Executive Mansion,
"Washington, D. C., *July* 26, 1876.

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 22d of July, and all the inclosures enumerated therein, giving an account of the late barbarous massacre of innocent men at the town of Hamburg, South Carolina. The views which you express as to the duty you owe to your oath of office and to citizens to secure to all their civil rights, including the right to vote according to the dictates of their own consciences, and the further duty of the Executive of the nation to give all needful aid, when properly called on to do so, to enable you to insure this inalienable right, I fully concur in. The scene at Hamburg, as cruel, blood-thirsty, wanton, unprovoked, and uncalled-for as it was, is only a repetition of the course which has been pursued in other Southern States within the last few years, notably in Mississippi and Louisiana. Mississippi is governed to-day by officials chosen through fraud and violence such as would scarcely be accredited to savages, much less to a civilized and Christian people. How long these things are to continue, or what is to be the final remedy, the Great Ruler of the universe only knows; but I have an abiding faith that the remedy will come, and come speedily; and I earnestly hope that it will come peacefully. There has never been a desire on the part of the North to humiliate the South. Nothing is claimed for one State that is not freely accorded to all others, unless it may be the right to kill negroes and Republicans without fear of punishment and without loss of caste or reputation. This has seemed to be a privilege claimed by a few States. I repeat again that I fully agree with you as to the measure of your duties in the present emergency, and as to my duties. Go on, and let every Governor where the same dangers threaten the peace of his State go on in the conscientious discharge of his duties to the humblest as well as the proudest citizen, and I will give every aid for which I can find law or constitutional power. A government that can not give protection to life, property, and all guaranteed civil rights—in this country the greatest is an untrammeled ballot—to the citizen is in so far a failure, and every energy of the oppressed should be exerted, always within the law and by constitutional means, to regain lost privileges and protection. Too long denial of guaranteed rights is sure to lead to revolution—bloody revolution, where suffering must fall upon the innocent as well as the guilty. Expressing the hope that the better judgment and co-operation of citizens of the State over which you have presided so ably may enable you to secure a fair trial and punishment of all offenders, without distinction of race or color or previous condition of servitude, and without aid from the Federal government, but on the promise of such aid on the conditions named in the foregoing, I subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U. S. Grant.

"To Hon. D. H. Chamberlain, Governor of South Carolina."

PERSONAL.

The late Mr. Alexander Russell, editor of the *Scotsman*, of Edinburgh, the leading journal of Scotland, was one of the remarkable men of his country and time. The London *Examiner*, speaking of him, says: "Mr. Russell was as well known and as thoroughly identified with his paper in Edinburgh as the late Horace Greeley in New York or Émile de Girardin in Paris.....He started in life with the disadvantage of a mental and physical constitution which seemed as if they could defy every strain, and he yielded to the temptation to believe that no fatigue could be too much for him, and so he dies prematurely. No one can be said to know the Edinburgh of our time who has not met Alexander Russell at dinner there, nor will Edinburgh be the same when his robust and genial presence is no longer a part of its political and social life."

—Alphonse Karr, the French novelist, wields a profitable pen, but his flower and vegetable gardens at Nice yield him an income larger than he derives from his literary labors.

—Joseph R. Brown, of the Brown & Sharp Manufacturing Company, lately deceased, bequeathed $10,000 to the Providence Free Public Library, and $8000 to the Rhode Island Hospital to establish two free beds.

—Among the men of eminence who have graduated from Princeton may be named James Madison (fourth President of the United States), Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Witherspoon, Bishops Hobart, M'Ilvaine, Meade, and Johns, the Rev. Aaron Burr and the irreverent Aaron Burr, Edward Livingston, Philip Freneau, Benjamin and Richard Rush, George M. Dallas, Charles G. Leland, Parke Godwin, and scores of others who have achieved more or less of fame, and done honor to their *alma mater*.

—The late Sir Arthur Helps, who enjoyed the honorable position of Clerk of the Privy Council, with a salary of $8500 per annum and little to do, and who derived a handsome income from his copyrights, died comparatively poor, his personal estate having been sworn to as worth less than $35,000.

—Prince Milan of Servia, whose name happens now to be topmost on the public talk of the Old World, was educated in Paris, at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, where his marked characteristic was obstinacy. He is a tall, stout, muscular man, resembles Prince Napoleon, and speaks with great fluency and even eloquence.

—The *Christian Intelligencer* of this city, the organ of the Reformed Church, says that "in rendering his decision adverse to the contestants of the will of the late A. T. Stewart, Surrogate Calvin incidentally gave expression to some thoughts, as the result of his observation and experience, deploring the 'growing irreverent disregard by heirs at law and next of kin of the last wills and testaments of those who by honest industry and prudence may have acquired a moderate competence or an abundance, and who, pursuant to law, have presumed to bestow their pittance or their fortune according to their own free-will.' The reflections of the Surrogate are of such general interest, and in the main are so eminently judicious, that they are worthy of consideration."

—Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, has written a pamphlet which is expected to cause some sensation. It is entitled, "Whither are We Going?" and endeavors to show that in consequence of the progress of atheism and materialism, society and religion are in the greatest peril.

—The Rev. Wilse Brown, rector of Whitestone, England, has communicated to the London *Leisure Hour* the following memorandum recorded by his late father: "Every member of my family has seen my riding horse, Walter, take the handle of the stable pump in his mouth, and pump water into the trough in a stream.—Charles Brown, Rector."

—Mr. Gladstone's literary activity knows no abatement. He has contributed to the July *Church Quarterly* a paper on the life of Dr. Norman Macleod, and in the forth-coming *Quarterly Review* will have an article on Lord Macaulay.

—"Anne Brewster," one of the cleverest of foreign correspondents, gives the following neat "personal" of Browning, the poet, who is one of those ready men that can answer all manner of questions in a most intelligent manner. One evening, at a dinner, he answered questions right and left. At last a prim Englishwoman said: "Would you be so very good, now, Mr. Browning, as to tell me something about the Plymouth Brethren?" "Certainly, madam," he replied; "no trouble at all. The Plymouth Brethren are," etc., etc.; and he poured out a full account of these *Frati* that of course delighted the company; for there is nothing a set of English people at dinner enjoy so much as this sort of elegant instruction. After he had finished, the lady who had asked the question looked very wise, as if his explanation had awakened other deep slumbering thoughts; then her eyes brightened, as if now her doubts and wonderings were to be settled at last. "Ah, thank you so very much, Mr. Browning," she cried, eagerly; "I am sure you are the very one who can tell me what are Plymouth bloaters!"

—The will of the late Augustus Heminway, of Boston, who was said to be at the time of his death the richest man in New England, has been admitted to probate. The estate is estimated to be worth fifteen millions of dollars. He gives $100,000 in gold to be distributed among corporations organized for public charity, or as "much as possible among those most worthy, avoiding all such as make two paupers where there was but one before, and those with any appearance of sham—where the managers derive pecuniary profit from the management—my wish being to aid the worthy poor, and to assist those who are willing to assist themselves, when able, and to smooth the last hours of the dying poor." He leaves $1000 a year for twenty years to the Litchfield (Connecticut) poor-house for divine worship. His house on Mount Vernon Street, Boston, his Milton estate, and $200,000 in gold are willed to his wife. His plantations in Cuba and his property in Chili have been provided for in another will, proved in those countries.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The President, on the 31st ult., sent a message to the House pointing out some of the defects in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, in making inadequate provision for some branches of the public service, and none at all for others. The paper was referred to the Appropriation Committee.—On the 1st inst., the House passed a bill appropriating $227,566 for the payment of the indebtedness incurred in the construction of the New York Post-office building.—The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, appropriating $5,000,000, was passed by the Senate on the 3d.—The Secretary of War, on the 29th ult., submitted to the House the recommendation of General Sheridan that certain of the cavalry regiments of the army be recruited to the maximum standard for service against the hostile Indians. The increase would be 2500 men.—The Senate voted, on the 1st inst., on the impeachment of ex-Secretary Belknap. On the first article the vote stood 35 for conviction and 25 for the discharge of the accused for lack of jurisdiction. On other articles the vote stood 36 and 37 to 25 and 26. The result was reported to the House on the 2d.—The bill to limit and fix the Signal Service was amended and passed by the Senate on the 3d. On the same day, the Judiciary Committee of the House submitted a unanimous report in regard to the Caldwell telegram, entirely exonerating Mr. Knott from any intention or desire of withholding it improperly from the knowledge of the committee or of the House. Mr. Knott thereupon made a speech in denial of a charge recently published in this connection in a Philadelphia newspaper. A warm discussion followed, which ended in the bill being recommitted, to afford the minority of the committee an opportunity to report.—The House, on the 3d, voted for a final adjournment of Congress on the 7th.

The long-looked-for letters of Messrs. Tilden and Hendricks, accepting the nomination for President and Vice-President on the Democratic ticket, were published in the newspapers of the 5th inst.—just thirty-eight days after the nomination of Tilden, and thirty-seven days after the nomination of Hendricks.

On the 1st inst. the President issued a proclamation declaring Colorado to be a State of the Union.

Hon. Godlove S. Orth has written a letter to the chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Indiana, declining to be a candidate for Governor.

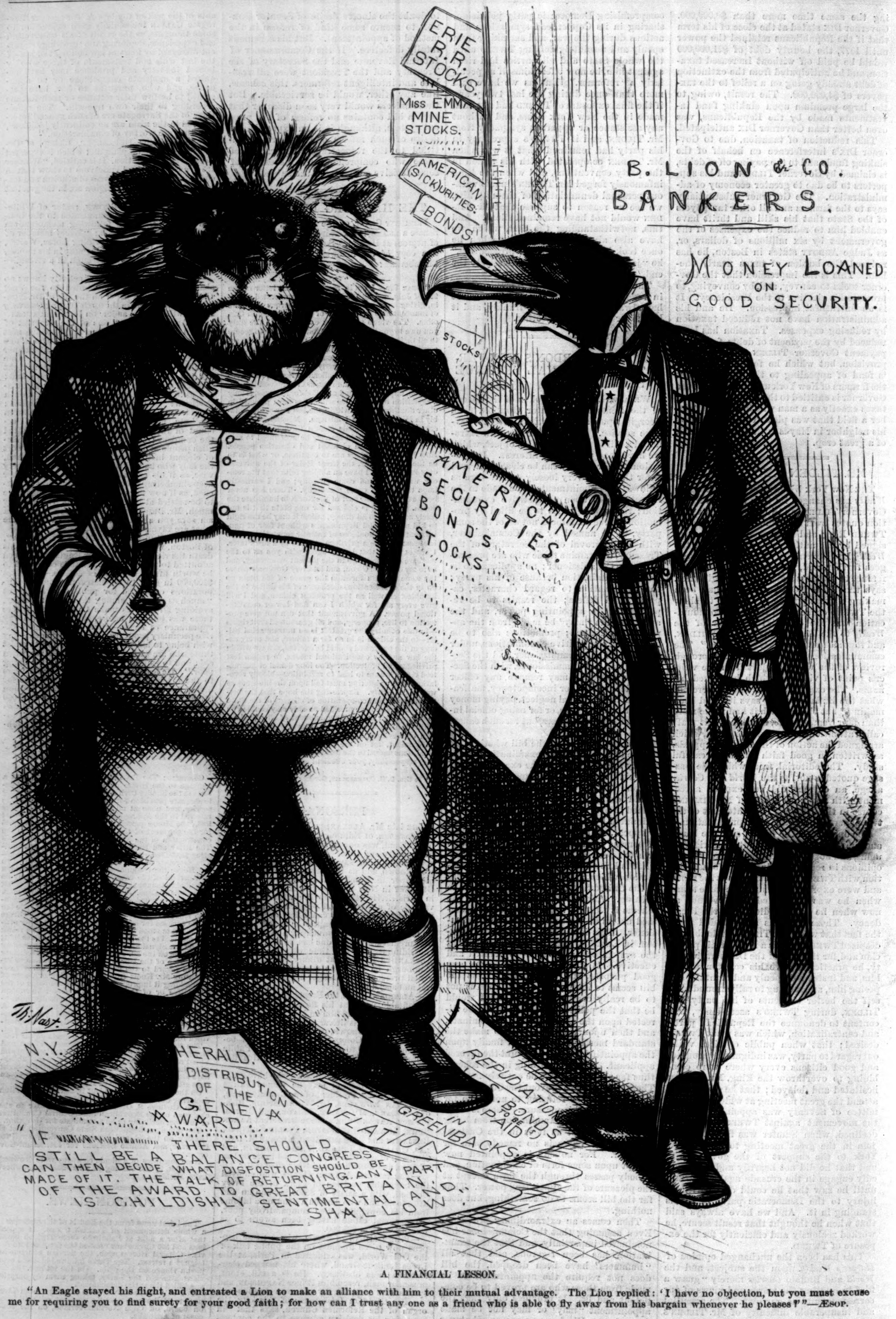
The Michigan Republican State Convention met at Lansing, on the 3d, and nominated C. S. Croswell for Governor, and Alonzo Sessions for Lieutenant-Governor.

Nine members of a picnic company were drowned, on the 1st, by the sinking of a flat-boat on Bawbee's Lake, Michigan.

FOREIGN NEWS.

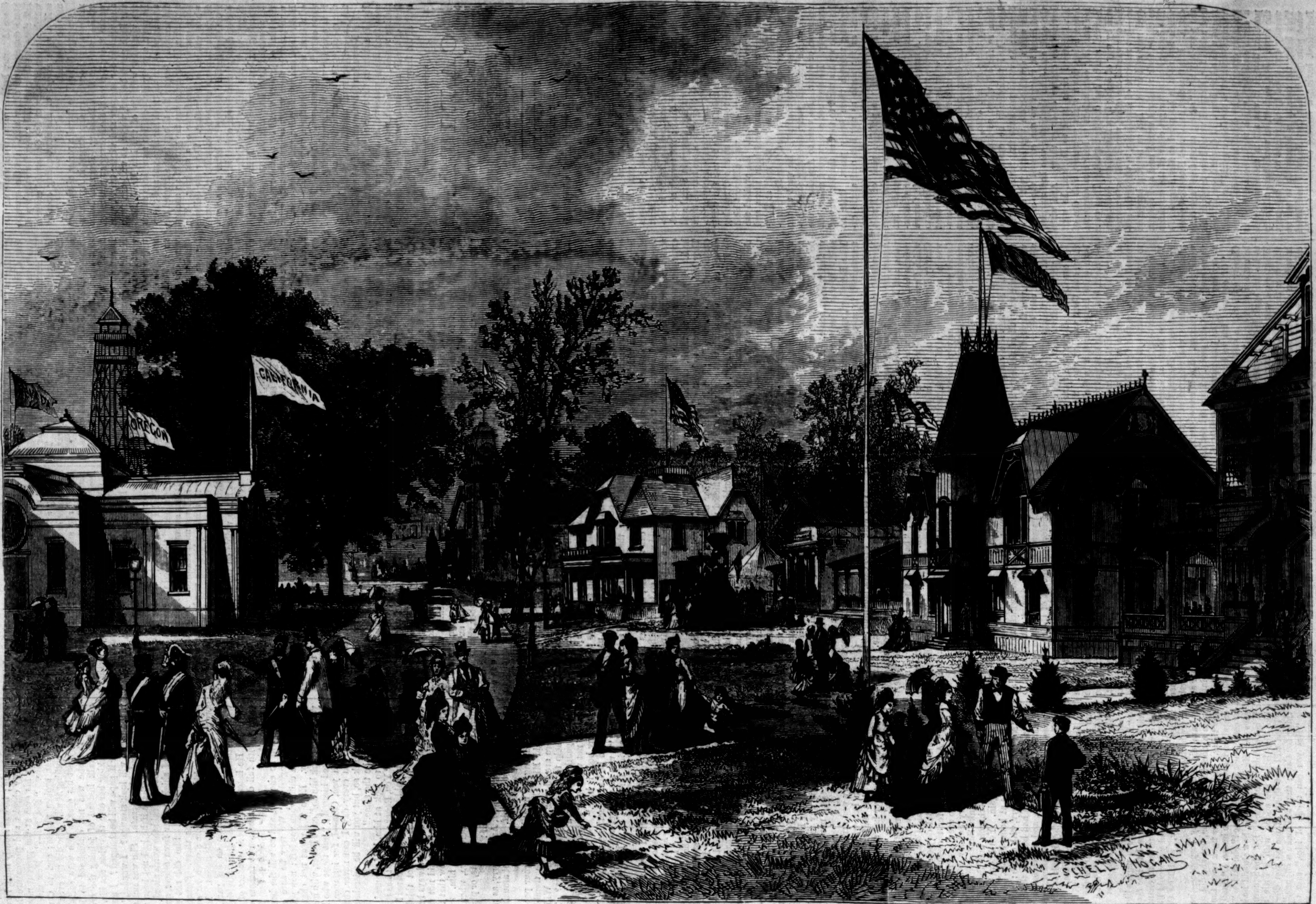
The latest news from the East is of the massacre of a whole detachment of Turkish troops. It appears that after a fight at Pandirolo three Turkish battalions and 500 Circassians crossed the frontier into Servia. General Horvatovich, the Servian commander, feigned a retreat. The Turks followed him and occupied a village on the plain. On the 1st inst. the Servians attacked the Turks, taking them by surprise, and killed the entire detachment.

The ship *Geltwood*, while on a voyage from Liverpool to Melbourne, recently was lost, with all hands on board, off Cape Northumberland, on the south coast of Australia.


ERIE R.R. STOCKS.
Miss EMMA MINE STOCKS.
AMERICAN (SICK)URITIES. BONDS
B. LION & CO. BANKERS.
MONEY LOANED ON GOOD SECURITY.
STOCKS
AMERICAN SECURITIES. BONDS STOCKS
Th. Nast
N.Y. HERALD. DISTRIBUTION OF THE GENEVA AWARD.
"IF ... THERE SHOULD STILL BE A BALANCE CONGRESS CAN THEN DECIDE WHAT DISPOSITION SHOULD BE MADE OF IT. THE TALK OF RETURNING ANY PART OF THE AWARD TO GREAT BRITAIN IS CHILDISHLY SENTIMENTAL AND SHALLOW"
INFLATION
GREENBACKS.
REPUDIATION
BONDS TO BE PAID IN

A FINANCIAL LESSON.

"An Eagle stayed his flight, and entreated a Lion to make an alliance with him to their mutual advantage. The Lion replied: 'I have no objection, but you must excuse me for requiring you to find surety for your good faith; for how can I trust any one as a friend who is able to fly away from his bargain whenever he pleases?'"—Æsop.


OREGON
CALIFORNIA
SCHELL & HOGAN

George's Hill Tower. Missouri. Iowa. Tennessee. Maryland. Delaware. Massachusetts.

THE CENTENNIAL—VIEW ON STATE AVENUE, LOOKING WEST.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan, from a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 674.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

Our illustration on page 673 gives a view on State Avenue, looking west, with some of the State cottages on either side. On the extreme left rises the George's Hill tower, from the top of which a splendid view of the Centennial grounds and a wide extent of the surrounding country may be obtained.

On page 680 will be found a series of sketches made in the Norwegian department in Agricultural Hall and the Main Building. From the latter we are shown figures of the Norwegian peasantry, and vehicles for summer and winter travel, with the little perch behind, where, as we learn from the vivacious writings of the late Mr. J. Ross Browne, a pretty girl-postilion sometimes stands and beguiles the way with her innocent and cheerful prattle. Among the things that attracted the attention of our artist was the prow of an ancient ship, guarded by the figure of a sea-king. The whole exhibit is interesting. There are delicate filigree ornaments and some beautiful glass-ware from Christiania. Among the latter are a number of dainty punch-bowls, etched in sepia. The filigree-work has fallen into disfavor, notwithstanding its beauty when new. If its color could be prevented from becoming dull and tarnished, this kind of jewelry would be all the rage; but unfortunately these pretty ornaments soon grow lifeless and unlovely in color, and though crowds of visitors may admire them, very few are incautious enough to invest money in them. Norway is famous for wood and ivory carving. Many of the specimens of this art industry are very beautiful, and attract much attention.

The Norwegian fisheries exhibit in Agricultural Hall is shown on the same page. There may be seen food fishes preserved in alcohol, models of fishing vessels, dried fish, nets, spears, and every kind of tackle and implements used in the pursuit of the finny tribes.

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HILL.

After this a long interval passed, which it is needless to describe in detail. Five years is a long time in a life: how much it does! Makes ties and breaks them, gives life and withdraws it, finds you happy and leaves you miserable, builds you up or plucks you down; and at the same time how little it does! Buffets you, caresses you, plays at shuttlecock with you; yet leaves you the same man or woman, unchanged. Most of this time James Beresford had spent in absences, now here, now there; not travels according to the old happy sense, though in a real and matter-of-fact sense they were more travels than those he had made so happily in the honey-mooning days. But he did not like to use the word. He called his long voyages absences, nothing more. And they were of a very different kind from those expeditions of old. He avoided the Continent as if pestilence had been there, and would not even cross it to get the mail at Brindisi, but went all the way round from Southampton when he went to the East. He went up the Nile, with a scientific party, observing some phenomenon or other. He went to America in the same way. He was not a very good sailor, but he made up his mind to that as the best way of fighting through those lonely years. Once he went as far north as any but real arctic explorers, with their souls in it, had ever done. Once he tracked the possible path of Russia across the wildest border wastes to the Indian frontier. He went every where languidly but persistently, seldom roused, but never discouraged. A man may be very brave outside, though he is not brave within; and weakness is linked to strength in ways beyond our guessing. He went into such wilds once that they gave him an "ovation" at the Geographical Society's meeting, not because of any information he had brought them, or any thing he had done, but because he had been so far off, where so few people had ever been. And periodically he came back to the Square; he would not leave that familiar house. His wife's drawing-room was kept just as she had liked it, though no one entered the room: the cook and John the butler, who had married, having the charge of every thing. And when Mr. Beresford came back to England, he went home, living down stairs generally, with one of his traveling companions to bear him company. Maxwell and he had dropped apart. They were still by way of being firm friends, and doubtless, had one wanted the other, would still have proved so—last resource of friendship, in which the severed may still hope. But as nothing happened to either, their relations waxed cold and distant. The doctor had never got clear of the suspicion which had risen in his mind at Mrs. Beresford's death. It is true that had James Beresford given the poor lady that "strong sweet dose" she once had asked for, Maxwell would have forgiven his friend with all his heart. I do not know, in such a strange case, what the doctor would have done; probably exactly as he did afterward do—invent a death certificate which might be accepted as possible, though it was not in accordance with the facts. But, anyhow, he would have taken up warmly, and stood by his friend to his last gasp. This being the case, it is impossible to tell on what principle it was that Maxwell half hated Beresford, having a lurking suspicion that he had done it—a suspicion contradicted by his own statement and by several of the facts. But this was the case. The man who would have helped his wife boldly, heart-brokenly, to escape from living agony, was one thing; but he who would give her a fatal draught, or connive at her getting it, and then veil himself so that no one should know, was different. So Mr. Maxwell thought. The inconsistency might be absurd, but it was so. They positively dropped out of acquaintance. The men who visited James Beresford when he was at home were men with tags to their name, mystic initials, F.S.A.'s, F.G.S.'s, F.R.S.'s, and others of that class. And Maxwell, who was his oldest friend, dropped off. He said to himself that if Beresford ever wanted him badly, he would find his friendship surviving. But Beresford did not want Maxwell, nor Maxwell Beresford; and thus they were severed for a suspicion which would not have severed them had it been a reality, or so at least Maxwell thought. The doctor still went down once a week regularly to visit Miss Charity, and so kept up his knowledge of the family; but "nothing came" of the old fancy that had been supposed to exist between him and Cherry. They all hardened down unconsciously, these middle-aged folk, in their various ways. The doctor became a little rougher, a little redder, a trifle more weather-beaten; and Miss Cherry grew imperceptibly more faded, more slim, more prim. As for Miss Charity, being now over seventy, she was younger than ever, her unwrinkled cheeks smoother, her blue eyes as blue, her step almost more alert, her garden more full of roses. "After seventy," she tersely said, "one gets a new lease." And Mrs. Burchell, at the rectory, was a little stouter, and her husband a little more burly, and both of them more critical.

Fifty is perhaps a less amiable age than threescore and ten. I am not sure that it is not the least amiable age of all; the one at which nature begins to resent the fact of growing old. Of all the elder generation, James Beresford was the one to whom it made least change, notwithstanding that he was the only one who had "come through" any considerable struggle. He was still speculative, still fond of philosophical talk, still slow to carry out to logical conclusions any of the somewhat daring theories which he loved to play with. He was as little affected as any by what he believed and what he did not believe.

As for Cara, however, these five years had made a great difference to her; they had widened the skies over her head and the earth under her feet. Whereas she had been but twelve, a child, groping and often in the dark, now she was seventeen, and every new day that rose was a new reminder to her the darkness had fled away, and the firmament all around her quivered and trembled with light. Night but pretended to be, as in summer, when twilight meets twilight, and makes the moment of so-called midnight and darkness the merriest and sweetest of jests. Every thing was bright around her feet and before her in that flowery path which led through tracts of sunshine. She was no more afraid of life than the flowers are. Round about her the elders, who were her guides, and ought to have been her examples, were not, she might have perceived, had she paused to think, exuberantly happy. They had no blessedness to boast of, nor any exemption from common ills; but it no more occurred to Cara to think that she, *she* could ever be like her good aunt Cherry, or Mrs. Burchell, than that she could be turned into a blue bird, like the prince in the fairy tale. The one transformation would have been less wonderful than the other. She had lived chiefly at Sunninghill during her father's absence, and it was a favorite theory with the young Burchells, all but two (there were ten of them), that she would progress in time to be the Miss Cherry, and then the Miss Charity, of that maiden house. A fate was upon it, they said. It was always to be in the hands of a Miss Beresford, an old-maidish Charity, to be transmitted to another Charity after her. This was one of the favorite jokes of the rectorial household, warmly maintained except by two, *i. e.*, Agnes, the eldest, a young woman full of aspirations, and Roger, the second boy, who had aspirations too, or rather who had one aspiration, of which Cara was the object. She would not die Charity Beresford if he could help it; but this was a secret design of which nobody knew. Cara's presence, it may be supposed, had made a great deal of difference at Sunninghill. It had introduced a governess and a great many lessons, and it had introduced juvenile parties and an amount of fun unparalleled before in the neighborhood. Not that she was a very merry child, though she was full of visionary happiness; but when she was there, there too was drawn every thing the two elder Charity Beresfords could think of as delightsome. The amusements of the princesses down in St. George's were infinitely less considered. To be sure, there were many of them, and Cara was but one. She would have been quite happy enough in the garden among the roses, but because this was the case she had every "distraction" that love could think of, and all the young people in the neighborhood had reason to rejoice that Cara Beresford had come to live with her aunts at Sunninghill.

However, these delights came to an end when Mr. Beresford came home at length "to settle." To say with what secret dismay, though external pleasure, this news was received at "the Hill" would require a volume. The hearts of the ladies there sank into their shoes. They did not dare to say any thing but that they were delighted.

"Of course I am to be congratulated," Miss Charity said, with a countenance that seemed to be cut out of stone. "To see James settle down to his life again is the greatest desire I can have. What good was he to any one, wandering like that over the face of the earth? We might all have been dead and buried before we could have called him back."

"Of course we are *delighted*," said Miss Cherry, with a quaver in her voice. "He is my only brother. People get separated when they come to our time of life, but James and I have always been one in heart. I am more glad than words can say." And then she cried. But she was not a strong-minded or consistent person, and her little paradoxes surprised nobody. Miss Charity herself, however, who was not given to tears, made her blue eyes more muddy that first evening after the news came than all the seventy years had made them. "What is the child to do?" she asked, abruptly; "of an age to be 'out,' and without a chaperon, or any sense in his head to teach him that such a thing is wanted?"

"You would not like him to marry again?" said Miss Cherry, blowing her agitated nose.

"I'd like him to have some sense, or sensible notions in his head, whatever he does. What is to become of the child?"

Alas! I fear it was, "What is to become of us without her?" that filled their minds most.

It was autumn; the end of the season at which the Hill was most beautiful. It had its loveliness too in winter, when the wonderful branching of the trees—all that symmetry of line and net-work which summer hides with loving decorations—was made visible on the broader background of the skies, which gained infinitude from the dropping of those evanescent clouds of foliage. But the common mind rejected the idea of the Hill in winter as that place of bliss which it was acknowledged to be during the warm half of the year. In autumn, however, the "mists and mellow fruitfulness" of the great plain, the things of fervid color which came to the trees, the soft hazy distances and half-mournful brightness of the waning season, gave the place a special beauty. There are still abundant flowers fringing the lawn; blazing red salvias, geraniums, all the warm plants that reach the "fall;" big hollyhocks flaunting behind bushes, and languishing dahlias. Some late roses lingered still; the air was sweet with the faint soft perfume of mignonette; petunias, just on the point of toppling over into decay, made a flutter of white and lilac against the walls, and here and there a bunch of belated honeysuckle, or cluster of jasmine stars out of date, threw themselves forth upon the trellis. It was on the sweetest mellow autumnal day, warm as July, yet misty as October, that the Misses Beresford had their last garden party for Cara. All their parties were for Cara; but this was especially hers, her friends far and near coming to take leave of her, as her life at the Hill terminated.

"She goes just at the proper moment," Miss Charity said, sitting out on the lawn in her white crape shawl, receiving her visitors, with St. George's and all the plain beyond shining through the autumn branches like a picture laid at her feet. "She takes the full good of us to the last, and when winter comes, which lays us bare, she will be off with the other birds. She lasts just a little longer than the swallows," said the old lady, with a laugh.

"But you can't wonder, dear Miss Beresford, that she should wish to go to her father. What can come up to a father?" said Mrs. Burchell, meaning, it is to be supposed, to smooth over the wound.

Miss Charity lifted her big green fan ominously in her hand. It was closed, and it might have inflicted no slight blow; and, of all things in the world, it would have pleased the old lady most to bring it down smartly upon that fat hand, stuffed desperately into a tight purple glove, and very moist and discolored by the confinement, which rested on the admirable clergywoman's knee.

Meanwhile Roger Burchell, who was bold, and did not miss his chances, had got Cara away from the croquet players and the talk, on pretense of showing her something. "I am coming to see you in town," he said. "It is as easy to go there as to come here, and I sha'n't care for coming here when you are gone. So you need not say good-by to me."

"Very well," said Cara, laughing; "is that all? I don't mean to say good-by to any one. I am not going for good. Of course I shall come back."

"You will never come back just the same," said Roger; "but mind what I tell you. I mean to come to town. I have an aunt at Notting Hill. When I get leave from the college I shall go there. The old lady will be pleased, and so you shall see me every Sunday, just as you do now."

"Every Sunday!" said Cara, slightly surprised. "I don't mind, Roger; it can't matter to me; but I don't think they will like it here."

"They will like it if you do," said the enterprising youth. He was twenty, and soon about to enter on his profession, which was that of an engineer. He was not deeply concerned as to what his parents might feel, but at the same time he was perfectly confident of their appreciation of Cara as an excellent match, should that luck be his. This is not intended to mean that Roger thought of Cara as a good match. He had, on the contrary, an honest boyish love for her, quite true and genuine, if not of the highest kind. She was the prettiest girl he knew, and the sweetest. She was clever too in her way, though that was not his way. She was the sort of girl to be proud of wherever you might go with her; and, in short, Roger was so fond of Cara, that but for that brilliant idea of his of passing his Sundays with his aunt at Notting Hill instead of at home, her departure would have clouded heaven and earth for him. As it was, he felt the new was rather an improvement on the old. It would throw him into closer contact with the object of his love. Cara took the arrangement generally with great composure. She was glad enough to think of seeing some one on the dull Sundays, and somehow the Sundays were duller in the Square, where nobody minded them, than at the Hill, where they were kept in the most orthodox way. She had no objection to Roger, but the prospect did not excite her. "I suppose you are soon going away somewhere?" she said, with great calm. "Where are you going? to India? You can not come from India to your aunt at Notting Hill."

"But I shall not go—not as long as I can help it—not till—"

Here Roger looked at her with eager eyes. He was not handsome; he was stoutly built, like his father, with puffy cheeks and premature black whiskers. But his eyes at the present moment were full of fire. "Not till—" How much he meant by that broken phrase; and to Cara it meant just nothing at all. She did not even look at him, to meet his eyes, which were so full of ardor. But she was not disinclined to loiter along this walk instead of joining the crowd. She was thinking her own thoughts, not his.

"I wonder if papa will be changed? I wonder if the house will look strange? I wonder," said Cara, half under her breath. She was not talking to him, yet perhaps if he had not been with her she would not have said the words aloud. He was a kind of shield to her from others, an unconscious half companion. She did not mind what she said when he was there. Sometimes she replied to him at random; often he so answered her, not knowing what she meant. It was from want of comprehension on his part, not want of attention; but it was simple carelessness on hers. He listened to these wonders of hers eagerly, with full determination to fathom what she meant.

"He will be changed, and so will the house," said Roger, eagerly. "We may be sure of it. You were but a child when you left; now you are a—young lady. Even if he was not changed, you would think him so," cried Roger, with insight which surprised himself; "but those who have grown up with you, Cara—I, for instance, who have seen you every day, I can never change. You may think so, but you will be mistaken. I shall always be the same."

She turned to look at him, half amused, half wondering. "You, Roger; but what has that to do with it?" she said. How little she cared! She had faith in him. Oh yes; did not think he would change; believed he would always be the same. What did it matter? It did not make her either sadder or gladder to know that there was unlikely to be any alteration in him.

"What are you doing here, Cara, when you ought to be looking after your guests, or playing croquet, or amusing yourself?"

"I am amusing myself, Aunt Cherry, as much as I wish to amuse myself. It is not amusing to go away."

"My darling, we must think of your poor father," said Miss Cherry, her voice trembling; "and there are all your young friends. Will you go and help to form that game, Roger? They want a gentleman. Cara dear, I would rather you did not walk with Roger Burchell like this, when any body is here."

"He said he had something to show me," said Cara. "I was glad to get away. All this looks so like saying farewell; as if I might never be here again."

"Cara, if you make me cry, I shall not be fit to be seen; and we must not make a show of ourselves before these people." Miss Cherry pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. "I am so silly; my eyes get so red for nothing. What did Roger have to show you? He ought to be at work, that boy."

"He has an aunt at Notting Hill," said Cara, with a soft laugh; "and he told me he meant to come in town on Sundays instead of coming here. He says he shall see me quite as often as usual. I suppose he thought I should miss him. Poor Roger! If that were all!"

"But, Cara, we must not allow that," said Miss Cherry. "I must speak to his mother. See him every Sunday as usual! It is ridiculous; it must be put a stop to. Roger Burchell! a lad who is nobody, who has his way to make in the world, and neither connections, nor fortune, nor any advantage."

Here Miss Cherry was arrested by Cara's look turned calmly upon her, without excitement or anxiety, yet with that half smile which shows when a young observer has seen the weak point in the elder's discourse.

"What should his connections or his fortune have to do with it if he wanted to see me and I wanted to see him?" said Cara, "we have been friends all our lives. But do not make yourself uneasy, Aunt Cherry; for though I might, perhaps, like well enough to see Roger now and then, I don't want him every Sunday. What would papa say? Roger thinks Sunday in the Square is like Sunday here—church, and then a stroll, and then church again. You know it was not like that when I was at home before."

"No," said Miss Cherry, with a sigh; "but then it was different." She had her own thoughts as to whose fault that was, and by whose influence James had been led away from natural church-going, but she was far too loyal, both to the dead and to the living, to show this. "Cara," she added, hurriedly, "in that respect, things will be as you like best hereafter. You will be the one to settle what Sunday is to be—and what a great many other things are to be. You must realize what is before you, my dear child."

"I can't realize Roger there in papa's library," said Cara, "or up stairs. Am I to live *there*—in her drawing-room? Will it never be changed?"

"It is so pretty, Cara—and you would like the things to be as pleased her," said Miss Cherry, in trembling tones.

Cara did not make any response—the face wore a doubtful expression, but she did not say any thing. She turned her back upon the landscape, and looked up at the house. "Shall I never come back just the same?" she said. "Roger says so. He is not clever; how should he know? What should change me? But the Square is not like the Hill," she added, with a little shiver. "Papa will not think of me as you do—every thing for Cara; that will make a change."

"But you can think of him," said Cherry; "every thing for him; and perhaps, for a woman, that is the happiest way of the two."

Once more Cara was silent. Clouds of doubt, of reluctance, of unwilling repugnance, were floating through her mind. She had a horror and fear of the Square, in which her life was henceforward to be passed—and of her father, of whom she knew so much more than he was aware. For a moment the old tumult in her soul about the secret she had never told came surging back upon her, a sudden tide from which she could scarcely escape. "Come, Aunt Cherry," she said, suddenly seizing her astonished companion by the arm. "Come and play for us. We must have a dance on the lawn my last day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A CURIOUS history is given by Mr. **BUCKLAND** in *Land and Water* of a pet boa-constrictor, seven and a half feet in length, belonging to Mr. **MANN**, and which had become warmly attached to that gentleman and his wife, evincing its affection in the most decided manner. In one instance the snake had been left for about six weeks in charge of a friend, and during this interval it was very quiet, and moped a good deal, as if missing its protectors. On their return, while still invisible to the snake, when its name was called by Mrs. **MANN**, it sprang forward with the greatest eagerness, and wound itself around her shoulders, caressing her in the most excited manner, and then moved to Mr. **MANN**, and twisted itself around him under his coat, but in neither case exerting any uncomfortable pressure.

The supposed cause of the death of this serpent is almost as curious as its manners in life, and is related by Mr. **MANN** as follows: During his own serious illness he was confined to his bed, and unable to respond to the caresses of the serpent. After a failure or two on its part to secure its accustomed attention, it retired to its bed, and refusing food and water, died in a day or two, and as Mr. **MANN** believed verily, from distress. Many interesting facts are given by Mr. **MANN** in regard to this remarkable serpent, who states that although he has had many pets of different kinds, and some of them tolerably clever, he had never seen any animal that could compare with this boa for affection, quick sense, and good humor!

The latest advices from Lieutenant **BRAZZA**, of the Ogowé expedition, say that he has succeeded in reaching Okanda, 500 miles from the mouth of the Ogowé River. The loss of his baggage and canoes, already referred to, will probably soon be made good. Okanda is to be used as a starting-point for further explorations into more unknown regions.

We have already announced that the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will convene at Buffalo on the 23d of August next. A circular has recently been issued by the local committee, giving information as to special provisions in regard to travel of members to and from that city and their entertainment while in it. A number of hotels have made very material reductions in their charges, while nearly all the railroads have offered excursion rates or single fares for the round trip. It is expected that several excursions will be made at the expense of the city of Buffalo to points of special interest in the vicinity.

Professor **HUXLEY** has accepted an invitation to be present at the meeting.

It is not often that any one is enabled to read his own obituary, but Dr. **PETERMANN** will have that pleasure in perusing the number of *Nature* for July 13, where his death is announced, on the authority of a French journal, as having recently taken place. We are happy to inform the friends of the eminent geographer that at the time this notice was written the doctor was in the United States, having visited it in connection with his geographical work, and for the purpose of seeing the International Exhibition. He was every where treated with the recognition due to his merits, and sailed for Europe about the middle of July. It is probable that the writer in *L'Explorateur* has confounded the geographer **PETERMANN** with the Orientalist who died quite recently.

A resolution has lately been introduced into Congress by General **GARFIELD** directing the Secretary of State to cause to be published a brief history of the several surveys and expeditions ordered and prosecuted by the United States during the century just closed, including those under the direction of the War, Navy, and Interior departments, and other bureaus. An appropriation of $10,000 is suggested for the purpose of carrying this into effect.

Senator **CAPERTON** has introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of War to grant a permit for the propagation of lobsters at the rocks of the Rip Raps, in Hampton Roads of Virginia, and to grant to the persons who will risk the labor and expense of the experiment the exclusive right of fishing for and catching lobsters there for a period of ten years.

The death of Mr. **ROBERT NAPIER**, on the 23d of June, is noticed with appropriate comments in the English journals as that of an eminent citizen of Glasgow, among the most distinguished of British engineers.

Mr. **NAPIER** was born in 1791, and after a suitable education opened a shop at Glasgow, where he made his first marine engine, and started the great establishment that became so well known all over the world. Most of the Cunard steamers were built by Mr. **NAPIER**, the freedom of which from accident to the machinery is believed to be mainly due to the thoroughness of their construction.

The operations of the United States Fish Commission in the way of stocking the Connecticut and other rivers of the United States with shad promise to be very successful during the present season, unless the great heat should bring up the temperature of the water to such a degree as to interfere with the proper hatching of the eggs.

More than a million and a half of eggs were taken during the first week of the work, and a large number of fish therefrom were placed in the river at Bellows Falls. As the hatching establishment is below the Holyoke Dam, the fish are introduced above it, so that in their return from the sea they may proceed up the fish-way to their starting-point, instead of remaining below it, as would otherwise be the case.

The Chamber of Commerce of Sydney has undertaken to assist the Italian naturalist **D'ALBERTIS** in his proposed exploration of New Guinea, and it is understood that the colonial government has placed the steam-launch *Neva* at his disposal, provided that a sufficient sum be raised by the public to pay the wages of the crew. He proposes to prosecute the exploration of the Fly River to the head of navigation, and from that point to work his way across the country to Yale Island.

Among the efforts to acclimatize the salmonidæ in the southern hemisphere may be mentioned the transmission of eggs of the trout to South Africa. Mr. **CAMPBELL JOBSON**, about Christmas, 1875, obtained from **FRANK BUCKLAND** some eggs for the government of the Cape Colony, and succeeded in transporting a large proportion in good condition to Cape Town. Here they were placed in charge of Dr. **HIDDING**, who had provided himself with the necessary apparatus; but though a number of the fish were hatched, only one survived. It was thought that a more extended time for preparation would have given a more satisfactory result.

The expedition under Dr. **FINSCH** for the exploration of the Obi and the Yenisei appears to be making satisfactory progress, the latest dates being to May 6. They reached Omsk in safety, having left Tiumen April 13. Here they were hospitably received by the governor, who had organized an Argali Mountain sheep hunt for their entertainment. They intended to proceed by way of Semipalatinsk to Sergiopol and the mountains on the Chinese frontiers, and after about the middle of June they hoped to go from Barnaul on their voyage down the Obi. Every assistance was rendered by the Russian authorities, and there was a satisfactory prospect of a successful result of their enterprise.

Associated in a measure with the German expedition is a Russian party organized for the examination of the estuary of the Obi, which left on the 18th of May, under charge of Lieutenant **DAHL** and Mr. **RANDSEP**, with a crew of six seamen. The months of June and July were to be occupied in this research, and in August an expedition will proceed as far as 74° north, to the White Islands, returning to the mouth of the river Obi in time to accompany the German party up the river to Tobolsk about the middle or end of September.

A system of micro-photography for maps in war time, and applicable also for the use of engineers and others who desire to carry a stock of maps and plans with them in a small compass, has lately been devised by Mr. **BADEN PRITCHARD**, of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich.

This method consists in reducing the maps, etc., to a moderate size, and photographing them on sheets of white glycerine. They are then tanned with alum and washed with collodion and castor-oil. The maximum size of the map is six square inches. Fifty or sixty sheets can be pressed into a space of half an inch in thickness. Officers are instructed to have a collapsible dark chamber, into which, when not in use, the photographs can be slid. They can then be examined like transparent spectroscopic slides. It is proposed to adopt this arrangement at once for the service of the British army.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE "Appalachian Mountain Club"—a society organized last January in Boston—have been enjoying a campaign among the mountains of New Hampshire. The special object of this club is the exploration of the highlands of New England and adjacent regions, for scientific and artistic purposes. Provision is made for five departments of work—natural history, topography, art, exploration, and improvements. The club has over one hundred members, including both ladies and gentlemen. The results of its explorations are published from time to time, and books, maps, photographs, sketches, and specimens are collected in order to facilitate study.

The Appalachians recently held a "field meeting" at North Conway, New Hampshire, where, refreshed by sweet mountain breezes and inspired by grand scenery, they discussed various topics of interest. Among other matters, special reference was made to the controversy prevailing with regard to the name of one mountain, whose lofty peak was prominently visible—whether it should be Kiarsarge, Kearsarge, or Pequawket. The club devoted one day to climbing up the sides of that mount of doubtful name—perhaps with the view of finding something whereby to decide the question. On July 28 there was a grand excursion up the Notch to Crawford's and Fabyan's, and the Appalachians made a visit to Mount Willard, whose summit gives a view of quaint and singular beauty. It was Anthony Trollope who wrote, "I know nothing on the Rhine equal to the view from Mount Willard down the mountain pass called the Notch."

Change of diet should accompany change of weather. When the weather is hot, fish may beneficially be substituted for meat to a great extent, and fresh or well-cooked fruits should be taken instead of pastry or hearty desserts. In short, the most simple form of diet should be adopted, and all powerful stimulants should be avoided.

An international temperance camp-meeting, beginning August 8, is to be held at Old Orchard Beach. On Monday, August 14, which is "children's day," it is expected that 10,000 children will be present and take part in the exercises.

Some time ago Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York, gave $10,000 for founding a school for girls in Nevada, on condition that a like sum should be contributed by the citizens of that State. Bishop Whitaker has succeeded in raising the required amount, and the school will soon open at Reno.

Hay fever has so many victims in this part of the country that a little book on this disease, by Dr. George M. Beard, and published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, will be read with interest. The causes and nature of the disease are discussed, as well as its remedies. It appears from this volume that hay fever is a part of the penalty of in-door life, overstudy, luxury, and anxiety; that the poor and uneducated are seldom afflicted with it. The malady may be more or less successfully treated, varying in different cases, by change of air, either to the mountains or to the sea, and by certain regimen.

Wherever the blame may rest of the disaster to the *Mohawk*, and the loss of precious lives, it would seem to be evident that yachts are not very safe vessels to navigate the sea. If one like the *Mohawk* was not able to endure a squall in the harbor, what would she have done in a storm at sea? Should not every yacht be so rigged and ballasted as to be prepared for such emergencies? Should not the furniture of the cabin and saloon be so secured that the danger in rough weather would not be increased by it? The details of the recent calamity may teach a lesson to every owner of a yacht.

On July 22 seven European steam-ships left the harbor of New York, carrying 1259 passengers and full cargoes.

During the extraordinary heat of July a singular accident occurred at the National Rifle Association in practice at Wimbledon. The rays of the sun had been falling on a small mirror hanging in one of the tents. The rays were reflected upon the roof of the tent, and soon the canvas took fire. It was extinguished with little damage beyond the loss of the tent, but the occurrence was unusual in such a climate as England's.

The floods in Oregon will be a benefit to the farmers, in that the protracted overflow has stimulated the fertility of the soil by scattering around a rich alluvial deposit.

From Portsmouth, England, come sad details of the terrible boiler explosion on board the turret ship *Thunderer*, just before an intended trial of her speed. Twenty-five were killed, or died on their way to the hospital, and over fifty were so seriously injured that at least one-half were not expected to recover.

A specially organized whaling expedition is now cruising off the coast of Labrador, in search of whales to replace those which recently died at the aquarium at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. The proprietor of the aquarium has also offered $5000 for the capture alive of a famous mammoth seal which for years past has frequented San Francisco Bay and other places along the Pacific coast.

Some weeks ago a little boy died in New York after a short illness. Soon after he was buried a servant-girl in the family told the mother she had poisoned the child with oxalic acid, and detailed various circumstances in regard to the deed. She was arrested, and investigations were made, which, however, proved conclusively that the child died from natural causes. It was shown that the girl was subject to fits of melancholy and despair, and in one of these had accused herself of this crime. This singular freak of a disordered mind is not a solitary instance of the kind. Many cases are on record where a person has confessed a crime never committed.

The first railroad in China has been opened for traffic. It is five miles long, and extends from Shanghai to Kang-wan. When finished it will extend to Woosung, five miles additional.

The open weather of last winter prevented the gathering of a large crop of ice, and the exceedingly hot summer has greatly increased the demand for the article. Ice is now brought in sailing vessels from Maine, and sold from the vessels at a moderate cost.

Any items in regard to snow and ice bring a certain comfort with them in midsummer. Once upon a time, when Professor Tyndall was climbing the Alps, he came to a place where no further progress could be made without cutting steps in the ice. His guide began to do this, but his hand soon showed symptoms of freezing. The professor seized some snow and commenced rubbing the man's hand violently—the usual course in such cases. The chafing was beneficial, but not the snow. He afterward learned that snow may be used in such cases only where the patient is suddenly brought into a warm room, to prevent the temperature of the frozen part suffering by a violent transition. In the cold the rubbing must be without snow, ice, or water. The notion of rubbing with snow is sufficiently prevalent to be a danger in cold weather. Not long ago a young Welsh lady, on a high peak of the Alps, finding her hand about to freeze, rubbed it with snow mixed with brandy. The brandy, of course, assisted the freezing, and the adventurous lady came near losing all chance to grasp her alpenstock again.

Grace Greenwood's impressions of riding upon a cow-catcher (an experiment which she recently tried) are summed up in the following remark: "I shall never do that again."

French journals relate how a Paris merchant recently imported several casks of what he asserted to be undutiable "clay." The "clay" was suspected. The custom-house officers sent for a chemist. When tested with fire, the "clay" exploded with a loud noise. On being put into a mortar and touched with a pestle, it exploded. The "clay" was dynamite. The merchant had risked thousands of lives to save himself a few francs.

A new pest, most destructive to growing corn, has made its appearance in Pennsylvania. It is a peculiar black worm, incased in a suit of armor difficult to break. It operates in the corn hills by eating the young plants, and as many as a dozen are sometimes found in one hill.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HIGGLEDY, piggledy, here we lie,
Pulled and picked, and put in a pie.
Divide us in half, and I'm sure you will wonder
To see what a figure we make when asunder.
My *first* is snappish and snarling and howling;
My *second* is busy and active and prowling.
But higgledy, piggledy, here we lie,
Pulled and picked, and put in a pie.
Currants (*Cur-ants*).

"John," said a doting parent to her gormandizing son, "do you really think you can eat the whole of that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful; "but I guess I can with a spoon."

"I think I must look over it," as the horse said to the gate of the clover field.

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman, and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another he pulls her ears.

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been 'shaved' by them," the wretch replied.

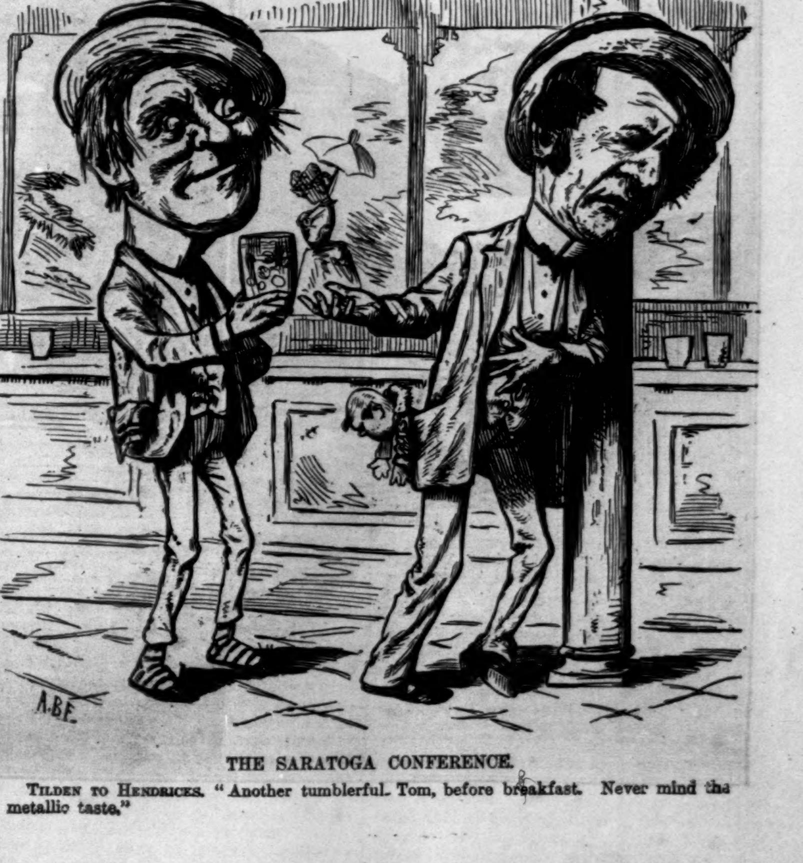
"I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared that he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been *drawing a conveyance* all day, anyhow."

A professor was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "our new club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed," sneered the wife; "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

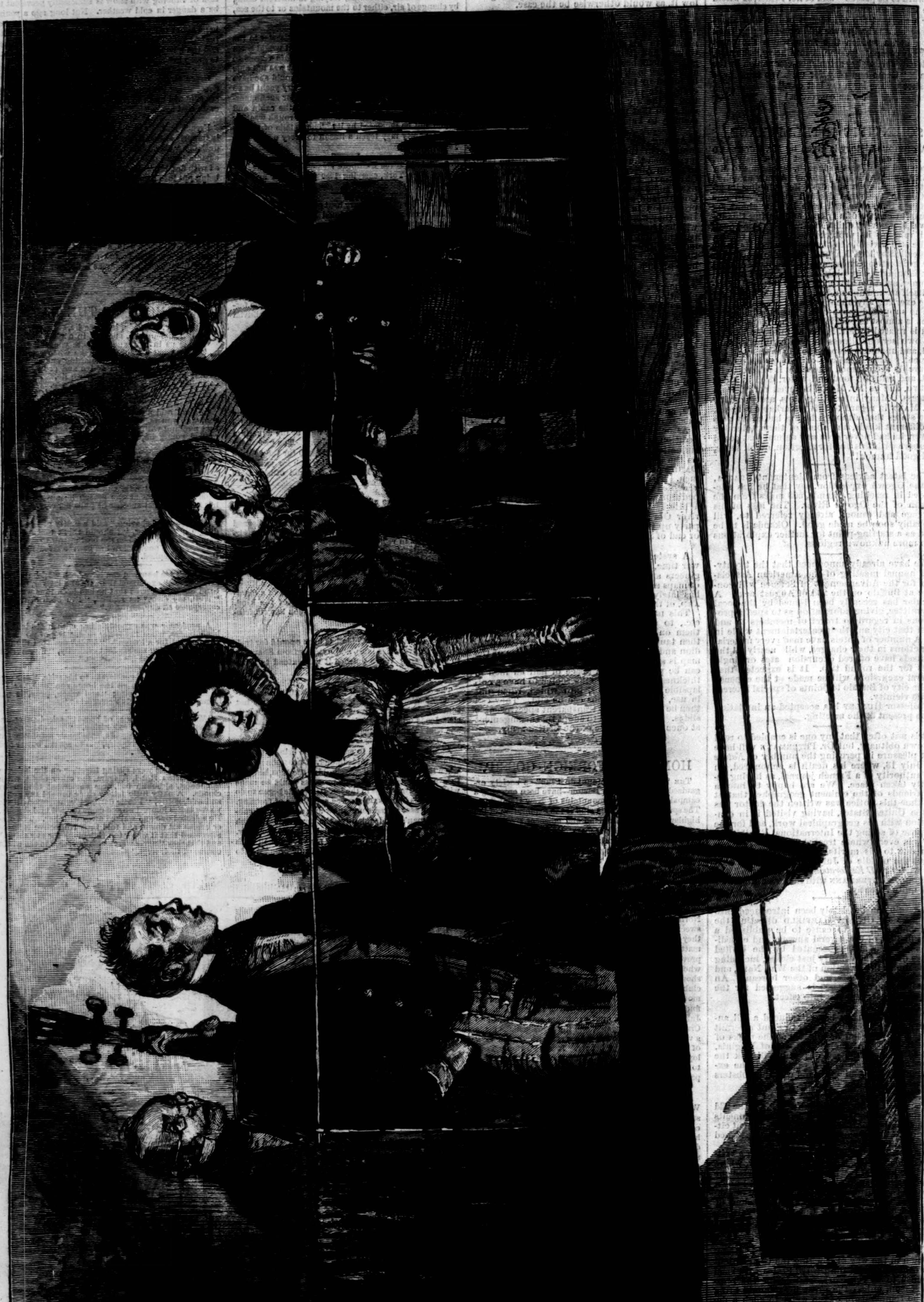
"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and jam on it."

Several ladies were sitting together on the balcony of the Clifton Hotel, Niagara, the other night, when the moon, although full, was somewhat hidden by clouds. A natty little fellow came toward the group and said, softly, "Pussie darling!" whereupon all the young ladies jumped up and came toward him eagerly. He selected one and walked away with her. The other brides sat down, and told their respective Romeos afterward that it was "too ridiculous for any thing," and that they "never were so embarrassed in the whole course of their lives."

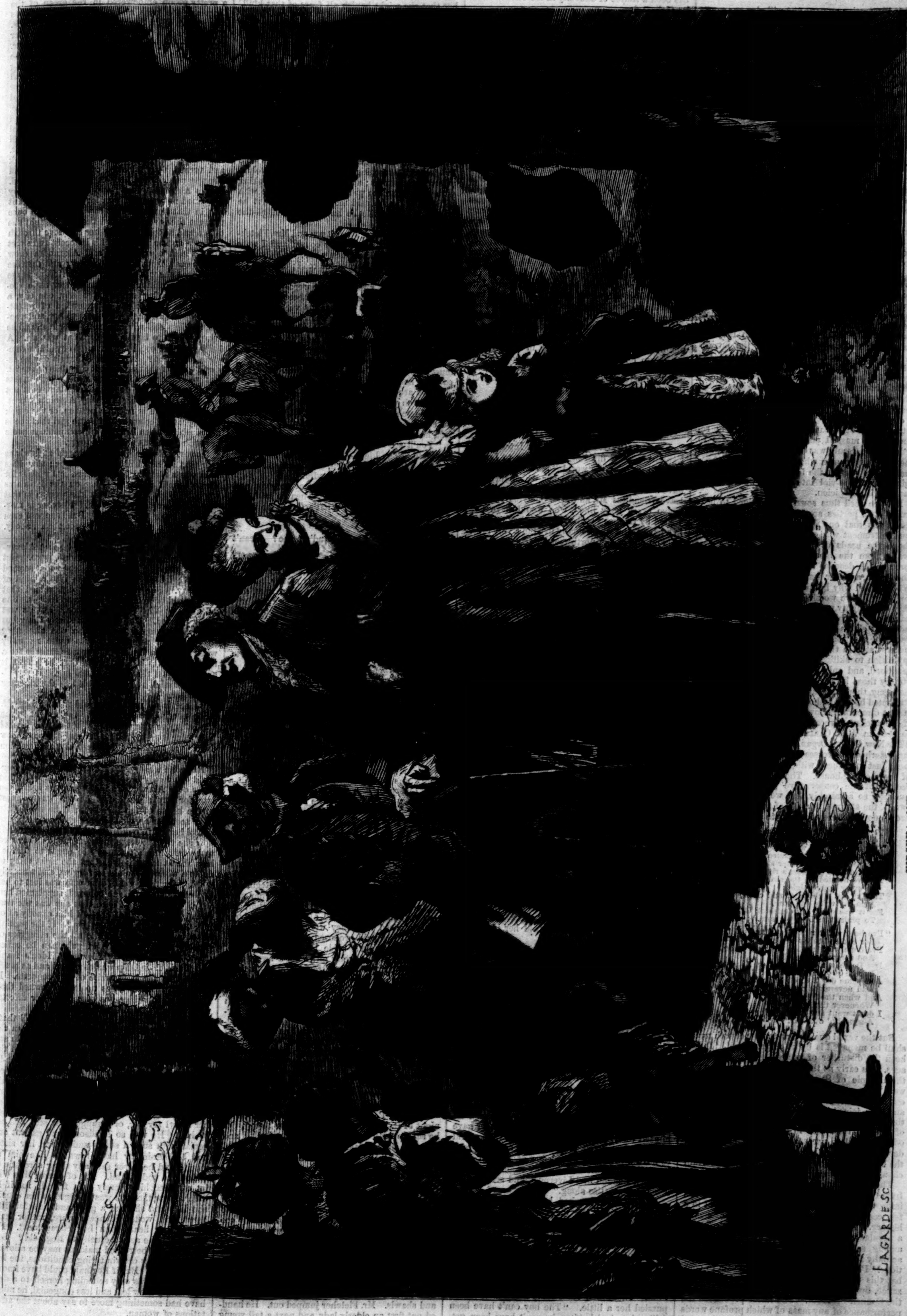


THE SARATOGA CONFERENCE.

TILDEN TO HENDRICKS. "Another tumblerful, Tom, before breakfast. Never mind the metallic taste."



THE SINGING SEATS IN AN OLD-TIME COUNTRY CHURCH.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 678.]



VIRGINIA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 678.]

"THE SINGING SEATS."

Our illustration on page 676 will give our younger readers an idea of how the musical part of a church service was managed in "the good old times," while many of the older ones, although they may not yet be near their centennial birthday, will still have no trouble in calling to mind scenes like the one we depict. It could not be expected that the Pilgrim Fathers, while hurling their bolts at the various abuses that disgraced religion on the other side of the water, should hesitate to demolish the received method of providing the music for public service. The dissolute lives of the hired singers of Europe, and the mischievous pranks of the surpliced urchins in English choirs, were certainly out of harmony with the humble spirit of devotion which, in their opinion, should characterize the exercises when Christians meet together for the purpose of prayer and praise. Thus in the beginning all singing with them was congregational, and the hymns chosen were adapted to the simplest airs. But, alas for zeal unaccompanied by knowledge! there were sure to be in the assembly some two or three to whom even the strains of "Old Hundred" or "Lancaster" would prove a hopeless stumbling-block; yet such their enthusiasm that not to "join in" would have appeared to them like the neglect of a sacred duty. The horrible effect of the resulting Babel of sounds at last suggested the quartette choir, in the vain hope that something like harmony might be obtained, and in some churches four of the faithful were selected to lead the mass of the congregation through the intricacies of song. But when the blind lead the blind, the inevitable consequence, according to proverbial lore, is a ditch. Matters were but slightly improved. At last one audacious spirit, whose soul had been tortured by discord, suggested to a council of deacons, who presided over a church not far from Plymouth Rock, that the introduction of a bass-viol would assist in reducing the musical portions of the service to order. The result was a stern reprimand, and the unfortunate man who had so far fallen from grace as to suggest the introduction of so vile a thing as a bass-viol into church was long regarded with suspicion.

But the seed thus sown was destined to bear fruit. Two parties arose in the parish, and the result was that one Sunday morning the iniquitous instrument was seen in the choir, towering above the heads of the singers. At the first twang from the inanimate emissary of Satan, three of the deacons arose and left the church. The fourth, a bolder man than the rest, remained. When asked why he did so, the venerable man replied, "I have worshiped in the house of God nigh on to eighty years, and I am not going to be driven out by a big fiddle." What became of the indignant elders is not known, but, according to tradition, the "big fiddle" remained. This was the first step in the path of innovation; but the opposition to skilled music in our churches still continued, and only step by step was the battle won by those lovers of harmony who maintained that song, though natural to birds, should only be attempted by human beings when specially gifted in that direction. How stern was the opposition of the ancient advocates of original custom may be seen in Will Carleton's amusing ballad of "The New Church Organ," where one of the singing sisterhood expresses her opinion of the instrument just introduced within the sacred precincts of the meeting-house. The poem expresses the feeling of the conservative party in the great question so admirably that we venture to quote two of the stanzas, in spite of the fact that they are no doubt already familiar to our readers:

> "They've got a brand-new organ, Sue,
> For all their fuss and search;
> They've done just what they said they'd do,
> And fetched it into church.
> They're bound the critter shall be seen;
> And on the preacher's right
> They've hoisted up the new machine
> In every body's sight;
> They've got a chorister and choir,
> Agin my voice and vote,
> For it was never *my* desire
> To praise the Lord by note.
>
> "I've been a sister good and true
> For five-and-thirty year;
> I've done what seemed my part to do,
> And sung my duty clear.
> But Death will stop my voice, I know,
> For he is on my track;
> And some day I to church will go,
> And nevermore come back.
> And when the folks get up to sing,
> Whenever that may be,
> I don't want any patent thing
> A-squealin' over me."

But the vexed question as to how church music shall be managed is by no means novel. It has been the disturber of ecclesiastical peace in all ages. As early as the time of Ignatius, who was the disciple of St. John, the Psalms of David were sung antiphonally, as practiced in the present day. At first the whole congregation, clergy and laity, joined in the chant; but so great were the difficulties and abuses arising from ignorance of musical rules that in 363 the Council of Laodicea found it necessary, for the securing of decency and order in public worship, to prohibit the laity from singing in church, except in certain chants of a very simple and popular character.

The use of the organ in church music dates from the ninth century. Church music was much improved, but some of the abuses that crept in a few centuries later startle the student of sacred history. Not merely were popular melodies of a secular nature often taken up and worked in among sacred harmonies, but the words were actually transplanted into the religious compositions. Papal bulls having sought in vain to combat this abuse, it was brought under the cognizance, first of the Council of Basle, and then of the Council of Trent. The latter prohibited the performance of any mass of which profane words formed a part, and also of any music founded upon secular themes. Thus the same question of procuring suitable music for divine worship has been a source of difficulty in the Church since its earliest days.

And the problem seems likely to remain unsolved; for if trusted to professional hands, church music must of necessity lose something of its sacred character; while if we are to depend upon the voluntary efforts of those whose piety rather than their talent leads them to praise God in song, we must reconcile ourselves as best we can to listening to strains in which discord too frequently is more apparent than harmony.

VIRGINIA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The admirable composition from the pencil of Sol Eytinge on page 677 carries the reader back to the Old Dominion of a century ago, and gives a graphic picture of the pleasant side of plantation life at that period. The master and mistress and the little daughter, strolling leisurely along by the lowly quarters of "their people," are greeted with respectful affection as they pass. All the accessories betoken an easy, comfortable, genial life. There is the large, old-fashioned mansion on the hill, with broad verandas shadowed by stately trees, where is dispensed the generous, free-hearted hospitality characteristic of Virginia country gentlemen of the olden time, while the faces of the slaves express content, and tell of kind treatment. The artist's happy faculty for the delineation of the droll phases of negro character is also strongly displayed in this picture. Nothing could be finer, in its way, than the group on the left, showing the contrast between the jolly, ragged field hands and the pampered, supercilious house servant who answers their ironical greeting with such disdain.

AN EAVESDROPPER.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

A great attraction—perhaps an International Exhibition—was drawing every body to London from all parts of the world. Such a time brings many friends to any Londoner who happens to have a house of decent size. It therefore did not leave friendless Mr. and Mrs. Octavius Fletcher, whom every body liked, who would have been visited by troops of well-wishers if they had lived in a garret, and who actually lived in a very pretty villa on one of the northwestern fringes of London. The villa had quite a lawn in front of it, and a good library and pleasant dining-room within, and it was charmingly situated, for in truth there are not many cities in the world with suburbs that can match those of London in quiet beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were hardly yet in middle life, but they were growing fatherly and motherly prematurely to all their friends by reason of their having no children. A childless mother, when she does not turn to frivolity or sourness, has for young people many of the peculiar characteristics of a kindly old maiden aunt.

"Well, we can't make room for any more at present," Mrs. Fletcher said to her husband. "It's no use, dear. We couldn't hear of the Idens going any where else."

"Oh, certainly not. I'll telegraph to them at once."

"And we have asked that boy—"

"That boy, dear?"

"Yes—Reddy Poyntz. You hadn't forgotten?"

"No; only I didn't quite recognize Mr. Reginald as that boy. He's more than eight-and-twenty, and rather tall for his age."

"Oh, I always think of him as only a boy. I suppose I shall have to kiss him when he comes."

"Certainly, by all means. Nothing can be more proper. I get into the same puzzlement myself about these young people. Now there's Alexandra Iden. I believe she has refused three offers already, and yet I can only regard her in the light of an infant. I shall have to ask *her* to kiss *me* when she comes."

"Indeed, dear, I dare say she'll kiss you without waiting to be asked," Mrs. Fletcher said, smiling. "If she doesn't, I'll scold her."

"Not you; you wouldn't scold her if she bit my head off."

"Well, I do love her mother—I always did—and now I believe I love Alexandra herself almost as well. I wonder if we shall like Reddy Poyntz's bride?"

"Oh yes, dear, you're sure to like her. You like every body."

"Now! And only yesterday, when I said I didn't think I should like her, you said I never liked any body."

"Well, I dare say I was right both times. Women, you know, are so changeable."

"Come, what does Goethe say on that subject?"

"Piff-paff! What did Goethe know about women?"

Mrs. Fletcher opened widely her handsome, expressive eyes.

"Ay, lady, 'twas my word! He had such an incessant muddle of flirtations that he never gave himself time to know any thing about the general subject of women. Might as well expect a man to have a profound knowledge of English rural life because he drives a railway engine every day between London and Liverpool, and sees the villages as he rattles along."

Mrs. Fletcher laughed, but was too busy just then to continue the discussion; and that very evening Reginald Poyntz arrived. He was full of friendly talk and descriptions of places he had lately been seeing, and he put off pleasantly the allusions to his bride, only assuring Mrs. Fletcher that she was the sweetest girl in all the world, and a great deal too good for him. He seemed to Mrs. Fletcher to avoid reminiscences of any kind. There was something about him which puzzled her a little. "The boy can't have been falling into bad habits—he can't have been getting dissipated?" she asked of herself. "That wouldn't be like *him*; and yet is he quite like himself now?" Mr. Fletcher, however, assured her that she might banish all fears of that kind. Poyntz was not a bit changed in that way.

"We'll have a stroll along the road to-night, late, in the old way," he said (Mr. Fletcher and Poyntz used to delight in long walks late at night); "and we'll smoke a cigar, and you may depend upon it that if any thing is wrong—business or that sort of thing—he'll tell me."

None of the other guests were to arrive until the next day; and Mr. Fletcher and Poyntz had their long stroll by night and by moonlight through the pleasant lanes, where the moonbeams were broken by many trees and by plenteous ivy growing on the walls of dainty suburban lodges. But the host did not get any hint of any thing amiss with his guest. Certainly all business affairs were looking well, according to Poyntz's frankly volunteered explanations; and Poyntz must be looking with longing to the prospect of a marriage with his cousin, for he said more than once that he was sick of the life he had been leading—the bachelor life.

"Rather surprised, weren't you and Mrs. Fletcher, when you heard that my cousin and I were engaged?" Reginald suddenly said, as they were in a very darksome part of the road; and he kept his eyes on the ground.

"Well, I don't know that we were—at least I don't know why we should have been. You do appear to have kept your secret very well, and perhaps it was just a little surprise to some of your friends, in London at least, where we hadn't the good luck to know the lady at that time. When do you expect her in town?"

"Day after to-morrow, I should think. You must like her, you and Mrs. Fletcher. But you couldn't help liking her, she is so sweet a girl."

"You are a lucky fellow, Reginald."

"Yes, oh yes; so I am, to be sure."

Mr. Fletcher looked at him, a little surprised, he could hardly tell why. To change the subject, he said,

"You'll see some old friends here to-morrow, Reginald. The Idens—you remember?"

"The Idens? Mrs. Iden, do you mean?"

"And her daughter Alexandra."

Reginald was silent for several seconds, and strained fiercely at his cigar. Then he said,

"Oh yes, of course. What's *her* name now? I quite forget."

"Her name?"

"Yes. What's her husband's name? I can't remember it."

"Why, didn't you know? She's not married at all. She broke off that affair somehow, threw him over, in fact, spite of all his money. I never knew why. My wife won't hear a word said against her, and I'm very fond of Alexandra myself. But I'm afraid she's a flirt. I doubt if she has much of a heart."

"So much the better. Don't see what people want of hearts—women, I mean. No matter. Look here, Fletcher, I'm tired. Let's go in. I'm confoundedly sleepy. I'll go to bed."

"All right, my boy. Don't fail to dream of your bride."

"I shall have no dreams—if I can," Reginald answered. And the friends parted for the night.

The gathering of the clans which the Fletchers were about to have was somewhat remarkable. Mrs. Iden and her daughter Alexandra were very dear friends, and were coming from the south of France, where they had been living for more than a year. Mr. Iden had long been dead. Reginald Poyntz was one of the principal partners in a great Liverpool firm which carried on business with India and China, and he had just returned from a trip to China and Japan, by way of San Francisco and New York. "Reginald's bride"—as Mr. Fletcher was pleased to call her, saying that the name sounded so delightfully like the title of a fashionable novel—was coming from Algeria, where she had been spending the winter with her married sister and the husband of the latter, who was a little of an invalid. "Reginald's bride" was, of course, only his fiancée. They were cousins, and had been a good deal together, and were very affectionate and all that, but nobody ever supposed that they were lovers, until one day when Reginald proposed and was gently accepted. Reginald's bride had a pretty name, Violet, and was a pretty girl, with a sweet temper that nothing ever imbittered, and an unchanging wish to give every body pleasure. As she had lived chiefly in the north of England, the Fletchers knew but little of her except through Reginald, who was as much in London as in Liverpool, and knew almost as many people in Madison Avenue and on Murray Hill as in either of the English towns. Now, however, she was coming with her sister and brother-in-law to spend a few days in the pleasant house of the Fletchers. It was to be a grand rendezvous, as one consequence of which the host and hostess were to be domiciled every night in a bed made up in Mr. Fletcher's study.

Reginald Poyntz had rather an uncomfortable night of it. He had professed to be sleepy, but he sat up until dawn began to show itself; and when he slept at last he only dreamed of Alexandra Iden. "I wish I hadn't come here at all," he said to himself in the morning. "The moment I entered the house the whole thing came back upon me, and I saw her again as if she were before me. I wish I hadn't come. No, I don't. I'm glad I came. What do I care? No more than *she* ever did. I ought to be only too happy. My sweet little Violet is worth a thousand such. A girl without a heart is odious. I wonder why she didn't marry that fellow?"

Was his discomfort decreased by a sight which he saw as he looked out of his window, attracted by the rattle of wheels upon the gravel before the door? A carriage drove up, piled with trunks and shawls. Mr. Fletcher jumped out. He handed out first an elderly lady, and next a tall young woman, who stepped lightly to the ground and ran to greet Mrs. Fletcher, who had come out in her friendly way to receive her guests. That was a pretty group embowered in the green of the lawn and the trees, and with the soft, delicious atmosphere of an English June all over it. Mrs. Fletcher was a very pretty little woman, over whom her forty odd years had had no power. She was fair and soft, pink and white; and she wore a purple morning dress, and had something white and fleecy thrown carelessly over her head and shoulders. The girl who ran up to her caught her in her arms and kissed her several times. She was a tall girl, with a noble presence, every movement suggesting energy; she had dark hair and eyes, and a face of intellectual shape, from which the sunny air and the glad meeting had driven the paleness habitual to it. Reginald grew red as he saw her. He drew back and turned away; looked out again. She had disappeared into the house. He almost groaned. It was Alexandra Iden; and only the other day it seemed he was wildly in love with her, and it was in that house he first saw her, and he once thought she loved him, and then he thought she didn't, and he tried to pique her into love through jealousy, and he played off his innocent and sweet little Violet against her, and Alexandra drew coldly away from him altogether; and then he heard that she was about to be married, and rage glowed within him. So when he saw little Violet's eyes resting sweetly, tenderly, one day, a great rush of emotion, compounded of resentment toward another, kindliness to her, and wanton, reckless self-sacrifice, came over him, and he asked Violet to be his wife. That was all. A better wife he could not have. Why did he complain or repent? A hundred times a day he assured himself that he did not complain or repent. But we know what it means when a man insists to himself that he does not complain, does not repent. It is like Sir Anthony Absolute's protestation that he is not in a passion, or the quick and repeated declaration of some girl that she is *not* blushing when her jesting companions press her with questions about her lover.

However, Reginald assured himself as firmly as ever that he had had a lucky escape; that Miss Iden was a flirt and had no heart. "I wonder for whose benefit all that kissing on the lawn was meant? Girls like her don't kiss women in that way out of womanly affection. Fletcher is married, and I saw nobody else. But I suppose even Fletcher as a spectator is better than nobody. How unlike all that is Violet!"

Poyntz was determined when he met Alexandra to display a cool and easy indifference. But she met him with a friendly welcome that seemed so unaffected as to compel him into a kind of cordiality. She was evidently determined that they should be good and even warm friends. She asked after Violet with affection. Poyntz was really puzzled. He had expected any thing but that. Her manner toward him was altogether that which a woman assumes quite naturally when she has a frank and warm friendship for a man, and takes it for granted that he knows it and feels just the same toward her. It was almost as cordial and unconcealed as the kindness of a sister.

"I see it all now," Reginald said to himself. "She never cared a rush for me, except in the way of mere friendship. What a fool I was! Yes, there is no mistaking her manner now; how did I ever mistake it? There is no affectation in *that*, at all events."

No, none whatever. No affectation! If Reginald could only have seen the rush of color that came over Alexandra's face when she heard, too late for any retreat, that he too was a guest in the house of the Fletchers; if he could only have seen her as, alone in her room, she tried to school herself into submission and self-command; how she tried to learn, how earnestly she prayed to be taught, what course she ought to pursue; how she at last resolved that the right thing to do as a woman resolute to forgive, and sincerely wishing for the good of him who was lost to her and of the one who, she believed, supplanted her, would be to prove at once that she was the true friend of him and of her—of him exactly as of her, and no more. Affectation? If the putting on of a noble part, despite all the struggles of passion and the spasms of pain, can be called affectation, then surely Alexandra Iden's frank and placid friendship was as unreal and as much affected as the false smile of any coquette. If peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, so self-sacrifice has sometimes her affectations no less unreal than selfishness.

If Reginald could only have known all that! And if he could have known, too, how often the gentle little heart of his Violet throbbed with sad and strange doubts and fears as she paced the deck of the French steamer, on soft and moon-lit nights while returning from Algeria to Marseilles, and the handsome young French officer, Captain Charles D'Anglare, who likewise was returning to Europe, and whose acquaintance they had made in Algeria, walked by her side, and carried her shawl for her, or arranged her seat and sat by her! He was so handsome and gallant and genial, with such a sunny smile; and her sister and brother-in-law had grown to like him so much; and he never said any thing sarcastic or difficult to understand. But of course Miss Violet regarded him merely as a friend; for if he didn't know that she was engaged to her cousin, she did; and she had a good and faithful little heart, and would, if needs were, rather have broken her heart than her engagement. For how could she act so cruelly to Reginald? Still the truest of betrothed maidens may be allowed, perhaps, under certain trying conditions, the luxury of a sigh. But if Reginald could have known that she too was only schooling herself to a duty that hourly grew less and less congenial, he might have had something more to say about the affectations of women.

Meanwhile things began to go on very pleasantly, to all appearances, under the friendly roof of the Fletchers. Violet and her companions had arrived, and Violet seemed as if she could not show enough of tender deference to Reginald's every wish and word. Alexandra and her mother seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Captain D'Anglare came to London to see the Exhibition, and met the whole party there, and made the acquaintance of the Fletchers, and became a frequent visitor at their house.

"I suppose Reddy is really very much in love with that girl," Mrs. Fletcher said to her husband one night when they were alone. "I can't understand it. There's nothing in her—nothing at all."

"My dear," Mr. Fletcher replied, "the one thing women never understand is how women seem in the eyes of men. Do you fancy that because this little woman doesn't interest you, another little woman, she must necessarily fail to interest a man? Perhaps you don't interest her; but you do interest *me*."

"Yes; but then I can talk about something—about many things; and she can't talk about any thing."

"Some men, dear, may like a woman just because she can't talk about any thing. But you say Violet can't talk. Can't she, though? Ask Captain D'Anglare whether she can talk or not."

Mrs. Fletcher looked up suddenly at her husband, with an inquiring and perhaps a half-frightened glance, but his face seemed unconscious of any special meaning.

"I can't understand why Reddy should be in love with her," she quietly said again.

"You have heard the story of Charles the Second and the dead fish and the living philosophers—or perhaps you may not have heard of it. Well, then, Charles the Second asked the philosophers why a dead fish displaced more water than a living fish—"

"Oh yes, of course I've heard the story ever so often, and how nobody thought of asking first whether it was so at all; and it wasn't, in fact."

"Exactly. Well, there's your answer."

"Answer to what, dear?"

"The question you were putting to me, or to yourself, just now."

"Why Reddy is in love with Violet? Oh yes, I see." And Mrs. Fletcher became grave for a moment; and then looked up and asked, "Are you quite serious, Octavius?"

"Quite, my dear."

"You don't think he really does love her?"

"I don't believe he does."

"Then I can tell you one thing of which I am certain: she does not love him."

"Do you think so—are you certain? How do you know?"

"I know it by a hundred signs that I can't well describe. I know that when he comes into a room where she is, her eyes don't light up and turn to him in the way that every girl's eyes do when she sees her lover. Oh no, she does not love him."

"Strange. She is so quiet and sweet and calm, perhaps she is not capable of feeling what we call love."

"Oh yes, Octavius, she is. She *is* in love—with Captain D'Anglare."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Fletcher. "This is a bewildering piece of business if it is true. What are we to do?"

"I don't know; but that's true—quite true, Octavius. Does it not seem a shocking thing that these two should marry and mar their own lives and the lives of others?"

On this theme they talked quietly and earnestly for a long time, and tried to see their way and to resolve whether they could do any thing to extricate the lives of their friends from entanglement.

All meetings of business, pleasure, or pain, the assembly of creditors, the reunion of long-parted friends, the consultation of physicians over the hopeless case, the indignation meeting, the meeting of admiring subscribers to present a testimonial, have one thing in common—they come to an end. So with the gathering that seemed so pleasant under the roof of the Fletchers. It was coming to an end. The group was breaking up. They had seen the Exhibition and all the sights over and over again. They had dined at the Star and Garter, Richmond, and the Ship, Greenwich. They had seen the great race run upon Epsom Downs, and had listened to Nilsson and Santley at one opera-house, Lucca and Mario at the other. They had had many pleasant talks and many secret thoughts, and some of them had had many bitter reflections and keen pangs of regret; and it was time to go. The Idens were returning to Nice. Captain D'Anglare was going back to Paris; perhaps from Paris to be ordered off nobody knew where, for these were days when Cæsar was mighty yet, and Mexico had not proved itself a Moscow.

To-morrow morning the camp is breaking up. It is a soft and lovely evening without a moon, and the windows of the house that look on the lawn are open down to the grass. Many friends are assembled in the house who do not belong to the group of guests so soon to be dissolved; and people wander in and wander out, and sing and play the piano, and drink wine, and walk in the little shrubbery behind the house, and make themselves agreeable and happy just as they please. Reginald Poyntz is not in a humor for company. He slinks away into a remote walk (if any thing within so limited a boundary could be called remote) of the shrubbery, and lounges there wearily, and laments that he has made an ass of himself. Ay, marry, an ass! Such, and none other, is the word he keeps saying to himself, in his bitterness, over and over again. For he now knows only too well that he still loves Alexandra Iden, and that sweet little Violet is sweetness and nothing else, and that he never could love her. But he is resolved to do his duty all the same. If the happiness of little Violet is bound up with him, she at least shall not suffer. All the mistake has been of his own making, and he means to bear the consequences manfully. He will do his duty, he resolves, whatever may be the cost to his own feelings. Still it is a sad beginning of married life for a young man when he can only resolve that, come what will, he will endure his marriage.

It was a great misfortune, poor Reginald thought, that he should have been brought into any manner of renewed association with Miss Iden. Things might have gone well enough but for that. Every time he saw her and spoke with her the memory of the dear past days and their hopes and their loves came back upon him with greater power and fresher pain. "I wish I never had seen her!" he exclaimed. And that moment, looking up, he saw her again. She was approaching; she was in the same walk. There was no escape or turning away possible now. He felt that his face was growing red, and he saw that she was blushing and confused. He hardly knew what to say, and naturally, therefore, he said the very worst thing that he could well have got out:

"So you are going away to-morrow, Miss Iden?"

"Yes; the whole party is breaking up, apparently." She tried to look easy and careless.

"We—some of us, I mean—are not likely to meet again for a very long time."

"I suppose not." These words came out in a very faint tone.

"I—I hope you will be very happy, Miss Iden."

She could not help it. She raised her eyes to his, and looked at him for an instant with an expression half surprised, half reproachful. At once recovering her self-control, she banished that expression from her face; but its stay had been long enough for him. He understood its meaning only too well. If he could only have spoken one sentence, to try to clear himself in her eyes; to tell her how deeply he repented the folly through which he had lost her, how well he understood her and her heart now that it was too late; to tell her that in all his life he could only love her; to beg of her to forgive him and pity him. No word of all this, however, could he say as a man of honor; no word of the kind would she listen to, as he well knew. It is terrible to have to make up one's mind to be thus misunderstood for all life by the one in whose heart we would most earnestly pray to be kindly judged and tenderly cherished. But it has to be done deliberately sometimes, and this was such a time. Poyntz remained silent for a moment, then muttered some commonplace, and Alexandra quickly said she was returning to the house—and fled with a heart that seemed breaking.

There was a seat in the walk, and Reginald sat listlessly down and hung his head low toward the ground, and was for a while almost like a man in a trance. He could hardly be said to be grieving, or repenting, or resolving, or in any way thinking at all—only dazed and stupefied. He heard footsteps and the trail of a dress on the other side of the hedge; but he did not move. The hedge was between him and the loungers, and he did not care. Presently he heard two voices talking earnestly. Suddenly he started out of his stupefaction, and he listened. Yes, he positively listened! Probably it was a disgraceful action; but he could not avoid it—not for all the world! Oh, shame! he listened.

"But you have been cruel to me—cruel!" said the voice of a man. "I did not know you were fiancée until after I love you too much, and tell you so. Why did you not long ago tell me all the truth?"

"It was wrong—oh, very, very wrong," pleaded a woman's plaintive tone. "It was wicked of me, but I had not the courage. I am very lonely. If you only knew—"

"You love him not. I know it; you would not marry him if you could. But it is not too late, oh, Meess Violet!"

"Oh, Charles! Charles! for shame" (in sweet, imploring tones). "Let go my hand. It is too late."

"But you love him not."

"But we are engaged, and we were brought up together; and—oh no, Charles, I never, never could break from my engagement! Think of him—of Reginald—of what I owe to him, of his happiness. No, Charles, if I must be the victim, I will suffer; but I will never make Reginald unhappy."

"That's a dear good girl," exclaimed Reginald himself, bursting through the hedge and confronting the astonished pair. "Don't blush or be alarmed, Violet, my dear; and, D'Anglare, my boy, don't look so angry, but give us your hand. I know it all, and I'll stand your friend—see if I don't."

"Oh, Reginald," plaintively murmured the blushing Violet, "what does this mean?"

"Only that you are the dearest little cousin any body ever had, and that I thought you were in love with me, and I'm so glad you are not; for, my dear little Violet, I love Another, as the romances say, and have done so for years."

Poor little Violet hardly knew whether she ought to be ashamed, or angry, or happy, or all together, for Reginald had been so terribly abrupt and overwhelming. But the matter was easily settled when they had all recovered themselves; and as there must be an *éclaircissement*, they agreed that in this case the frankest and quickest way was the best for all parties. The Fletchers were promptly taken into full confidence, and they soon managed to put things right. Reginald and Alexandra were allowed half an hour's interview, and their mutual explanations proved satisfactory.

"Nothing is changed," said Poyntz to Mr. Fletcher; "there's only to be one marriage the more."

"Bless you, my children!" said the host, with a smile.

"How happily every thing has turned out!" Mrs. Fletcher interposed, with a tear glittering in her eye; "and what a sad game of cross-purposes you were all near playing!"

"What stuff some of these proverbs are!" Reginald remarked, thoughtfully, to his host and hostess. "'Listeners never hear any good of themselves,' for example. My one little bit of eavesdropping brought me the best thing I heard of myself in the course of my life. I am the happiest creature on earth."

"Except Alexandra," said Mrs. Fletcher.

"And Captain D'Anglare," said Mr. Fletcher.

"And Violet," said Mrs. Fletcher again.

And so, as Jean Paul Richter says, finishing up a long sentence of quaint meditation—and *so* halloo!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST, 1876.

Sunday, 20.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 3.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 10.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 17.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 24.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 28.—St. Michael and All Angels.

Bishop Whipple, whose success in civilizing the Indians of Minnesota is well known, has published a strongly expressed letter on the policy of our government toward the red men. He charges the Sioux war which is now raging upon our mistaken method of dealing with the Indian question. "We have persisted," he says, "for seventy years in recognizing these tribes as independent nations. We make treaties with them as such. We for this reason leave them without government or law. We violate our own treaties, and we have invariably reaped the same sickening harvest of blood." In contrast with our failure, he points to the policy of the Dominion of Canada. The Indians of the Dominion are recognized as her Majesty's subjects. Land is apportioned to them in severalty. Tools, churches, and schools are provided, but no guns, no almshouses, no rations. Under this system, "1400 of the worst of the Sioux engaged in the massacre of 1862 are living peaceably, loyal and obedient to the government." The bishop claims that there are no Christian missions in the world that have yielded richer fruit than missions to the American Indians.

The Rev. Dr. John W. Nevin, president of the Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has resigned his office. Dr. Nevin has been a man of mark in the German Reformed Church of the United States. For many years he was the head of the Theological Seminary of that Church, in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, where he was associated with the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, now of this city. He has been identified with the rise and growth of what is known as "Mercersburg Theology" in the German Reformed body.

The Wesleyan committee charged with the duty of preparing a plan of lay representation for the acceptance of the Annual Conference has gone over the subject with great care. A distinct line is drawn, in the plan proposed, between the affairs of the Church which may be determined by the laity and ministry, and those which shall be reserved to the ministry solely. Under the former division all secular questions, such as education and the administration of property, are included. The stationing of ministers, their admission to the Conference, their trial for offenses, and questions of Church discipline will remain under ministerial control. It is proposed to fix a special day in each session of the Conference when the lay delegates may attend and take part in the business. It was decided also that the delegates should be elected by the District Conferences.

The Christian work which Major Cole, of Chicago, has been unostentatiously prosecuting in England and Scotland has closed for the present with his meetings at Perth. Here, with his wife and daughter, who are associated with him, he spent three weeks. Of his last meeting in that city a correspondent of the *Christian* (London) writes: "Before Major Cole ended, many an eye had been wet, and when the three voices stole over the audience in the touching words, 'Prodigal, come home,' many sobbed aloud." Since quitting Perth this family of evangelists have been obliged to suspend their work in order to secure needed rest.

The Presbyterians of the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania have for several years held annual reunions in the open air, wherein the time has been devoted to the commemoration of the virtues of their ancestors and the growth of Presbyterianism throughout that beautiful section of the State. The Presbyterians of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio will follow this example, and will hold a reunion meeting in Shirl's Grove, near Washington, on the last day of August.

At a lawn meeting recently held on his own grounds, Mr. Spurgeon secured pledges for the worn-out English Baptist ministers' fund to the amount of £2230. The sum contemplated for the fund is £50,000, which will be laid out in annuities. It seems likely that all of it will be raised by the Baptists of England, who are by no means a wealthy body.

The British Parliament has very promptly disposed of the objection made to the public schools by those who may profess that they can not *on grounds of conscience* use them. An amendment to Lord Sandon's bill, now on its passage, was offered, which ran thus: "No by-law made under this section or any section of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 shall compel any child to attend any school, whether a Board school or otherwise, with regard to which an objection, on grounds of conscience, made in writing and signed by the parent, has been lodged with the secretary of the School Board or the clerk of the local authority." The House in committee gave for this amendment 25 votes, and against it 128. It was argued very conclusively that such an amendment would make the compulsory education law a dead letter.

The pamphlet of M. De Laveleye, the Belgian jurist, on "Protestantism and Roman Catholicism in their Relation to the Prosperity of Nations," which was noticed some months ago in this Intelligence, has not only been extensively circulated in France and Belgium, but has also been translated into Italian for circulation throughout the peninsula. An English translation has been made, and is circulated under the auspices of Mr. Gladstone. An effort is making to distribute it throughout Spain, Portugal, and Austria. The opinion expressed in this paper of the importance of M. De Laveleye's essay has thus been fully confirmed.

"What to do with the Heathen Chinee" on this continent has become a political as well as a religious question. The Congregational Association of Oregon and Washington Territory has embodied its answer in these words: "The true solution is not to oppose the coming of the Chinese to our shores, nor to seek any modification of the Burlingame treaty, but to break down by legal restraints and penalties the present contract system of the Chinese companies, and destroy their power to keep those brought here in a state of virtual slavery." Favorable results of Christian work among the Chinese in Oregon were reported.

The liberal party in the French Reformed Church, at a convention lately held in Nimes, have accepted the terms of the proposed compromise with the orthodox wing.

The two Jewish Italian Senators, whose appointment has been a subject of much remark, are thus described: "The one is Isaac Artom di Asti, formerly secretary of legation at Paris under Cavour, embassador of Italy at Copenhagen, and more recently secretary-general of the Ministry of the Interior. The other is Tullio Massarani, formerly a member of the Chamber of Deputies." These appointments have given great satisfaction to the Italian Liberals, who wish an end made by the state of discrimination against the professors of any religious faith.

Father O'Keeffe has published a statement denying that his submission to Cardinal Cullen was voluntary, although Mr. Disraeli asserted as much in Parliament. Father O'Keeffe says that he has been oppressed by Cardinal Cullen, has been overpowered by the Board of Education and the Poor-law Board, that his chapels have been taken from him by force, that he has been kept a close prisoner in his own house for twelve months, "deprived of all means of living, and hoping to be delivered from his suffering by speedy death." He does not consider submission under these circumstances voluntary, in which opinion we quite agree with him.

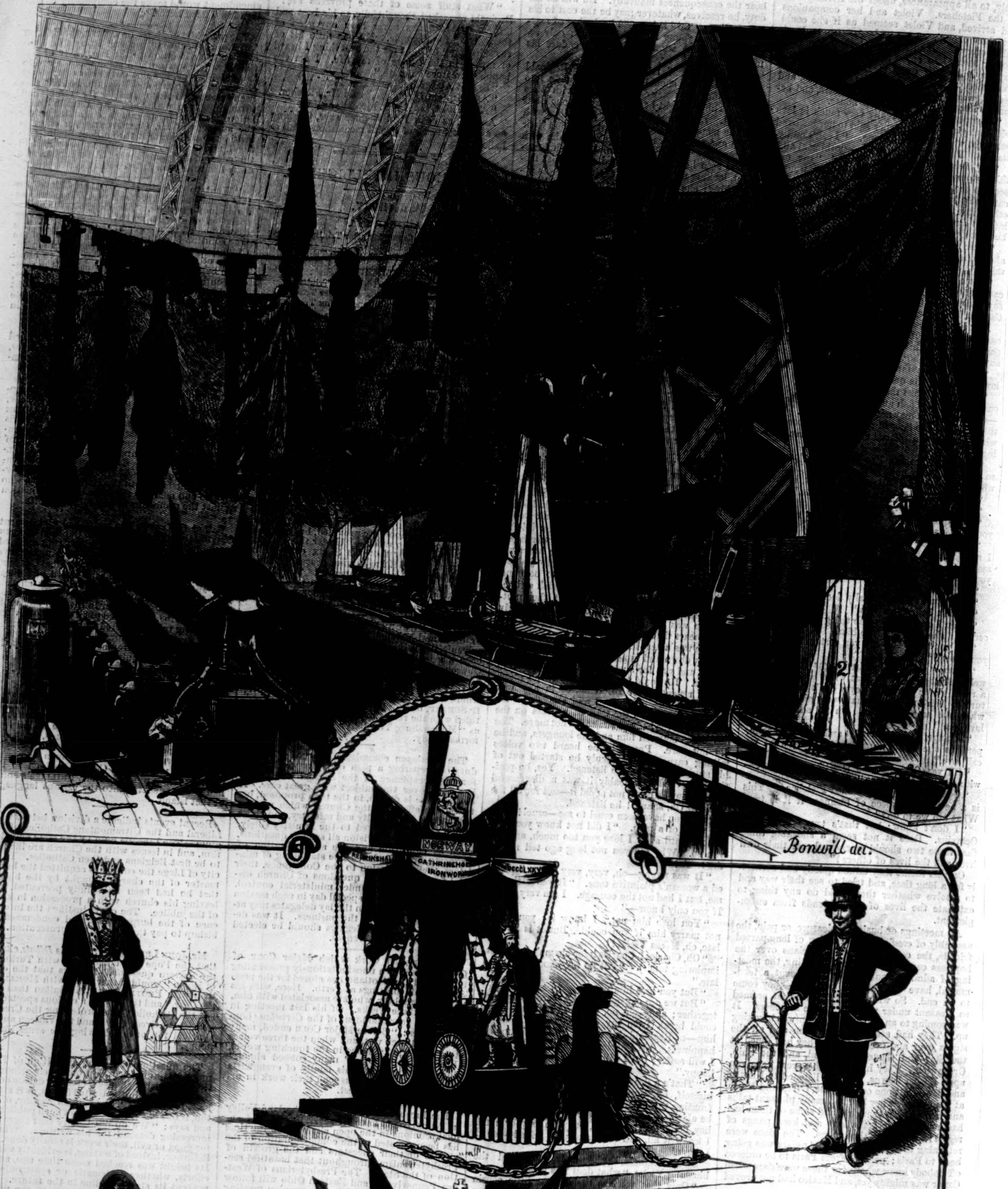
An illustration of the wide distribution of the English-speaking races over the surface of the globe, and also of the rapid spread of Christian song, is afforded by the account which Mr. Philip Phillips gave to a recent London meeting of his travels. In four years' time he has held song services in the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, Palestine, Egypt, and Southern Europe. A gentleman who holds an official position in Ceylon testified to the meeting that a number of Mr. Phillips's songs had been translated into the various languages of that island.

Recent events indicate a division between the Liberal and the Ultramontane Catholics of Belgium. The Liberals hold by the state constitution, and in issues with the Church are inclined to be first Belgians and then Catholics. In the city of Liege the court has acquitted the burgomaster of the charge brought by the bishop, that he had been unlawfully prevented from leaving his church with a procession in honor of the jubilee. The court justified the interference of the burgomaster, and condemned the bishop to pay the costs of the prosecution.

Mr. John Lemoine, of the Paris *Débats*, charges that the Pope has taken sides with Turkey on the Eastern question. He says that the court of Rome "would rather treat with Mohammed than with Photius, with the Sultan than with the Czar," and that "it is a curious spectacle to see the Catholic Cross protecting the Crescent against the Greek Cross, and the Vatican and the Quirinal for once following the same line of policy."

The question of issuing an edition of Theodore Parker's works from their denominational publishing house is creating debate among the Unitarians in the United States, as it already has in England. The *Christian Register*, of Boston, is one of the opponents of such publication, and says: "We do not believe that there is an increasing demand for his writings. Whether for good or evil, their work is mostly done. His influence, instead of waxing, is evidently waning. Its height was reached some time ago, and no efforts, whether systematic or spasmodic, can prevent its steady decline in the future. Only a small minority of our clergymen can now be considered Parkerites or Parker Unitarians. Most of our young men have found better leaders, and do not wish to be labeled with his name."

The Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Wordsworth, who several years ago invited the Wesleyans of England to return to the national Church, has published a "basis of union," which, he thinks, ought to be acceptable to them. The first principle in the basis is an extension of the license now given to laymen to read the Scriptures in the churches, so that it shall include the delivery of lectures and sermons by such laymen. The second principle is the ordination of Wesleyan ministers by Anglican bishops, "a declaration being added to their letters of orders that such ordination was not intended to imply the expression of any judgment on such orders that might be supposed by some to have been previously conferred." The bishop would preserve the Wesleyan organization intact, making it, however, an adjunct of the Established Church. This proposal is not relished by the Wesleyans of England.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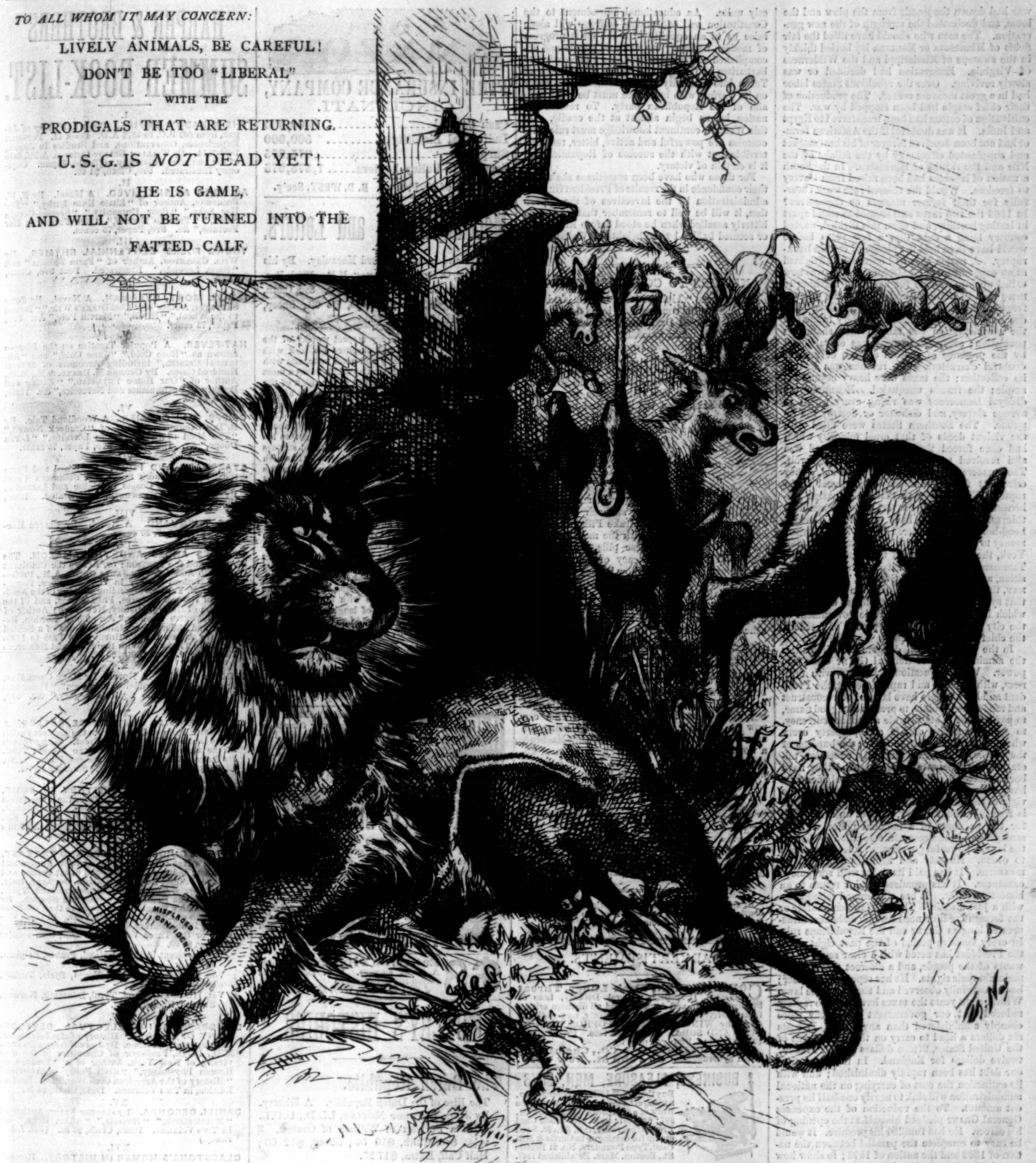
THE CENTENNIAL—SKETCHES IN THE NORWEGIAN DEPARTMENT IN AGRICULTURAL HALL AND THE MAIN BUILDING.—[See Page 674.]


TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
LIVELY ANIMALS, BE CAREFUL!
DON'T BE TOO "LIBERAL"
WITH THE
PRODIGALS THAT ARE RETURNING.
U. S. G. IS NOT DEAD YET!
HE IS GAME,
AND WILL NOT BE TURNED INTO THE
FATTED CALF.
MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

KICK WITH CARE.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION.

When General **Grant** and the Union armies were pressing upon Richmond, and the slow but resolute siege was being carried out with all the best resources of military foresight, when, one by one, the defenses of the foe were steadily yielding to the advance of the resistless attack, the opposition journals, the Democratic politicians, the rebel emissaries, and some inconstant Republicans raised so loud a clamor against the commander and his tactics as sometimes almost persuaded the people that the campaign must end in the defeat of all their hopes. Even in the very crisis of victory a Cox or a **Tilden** foretold nothing but disaster, and the Democratic Convention, already half rebellious, declared the war a failure. A storm of reproach, of doubt, of violent and irrational invective, followed General **Grant** through all his toils. Scarcely one of his measures was approved, scarcely a step he had taken escaped criticism; he was pursued by the malignant hatred of the rebels, pierced by the envy of professed friends, impeded every hour by the intrigues of the allies of rebellion every where and the subtle plots of the corrupt Democracy. "**Grant's** victories are all failures," exclaimed one notorious partisan of rebellion, "and even **Sherman** must at last retreat." "France and England will interfere," cried **Pendleton**, "and save the South." A **Wood**, a **Hendricks**, a **Tilden**, renewed the cry, "You can never enter Richmond," and the treasonable peace meetings in New York and Indiana echoed the clamors of the enraged Democrats in Congress. But the commander, at least, saw that the chief power of the Confederacy was withering within his grasp. During all that long and arduous siege, we may well imagine him careless of the outcries of his foes, resolute, calm, unchanging, confident always that Richmond must fall and freedom triumph, looking onward to the day that should silence the clamors of opposition, and perpetuate in the New World the wise institutions founded by the fathers of the nation. Then at last, in the suppression of the rebellion, a whole continent rejoiced, and the tide of human progress, which had seemed nearly turned backward, received a new impulse when Richmond fell.

General **Grant's** administration of the government has been followed by a severity of criticism little less bitter than that which attended his sieges and his victories. He entered upon his public duties amidst the hostile predictions of a thousand foes; he will close them successfully in spite of all their clamor. Nor is it likely that there will be any period in the history of the nation that will prove more full of interest to the historical student of the future than that which embraces within its limit the reconstruction and renewal of the republic under the steady rule of a liberal party and of President **Grant**. Never was there a nation apparently so full of irremediable evils, so divided by faction, so weakened by a terrible struggle, so blighted and degraded by the long prevalence of slavery, so corrupted by the vices of civil war, as was ours eight years ago. England after the Revolution of 1688 was possibly as corrupt, but far more prosperous; France after the Reign of Terror had scarcely suffered as we had done. Our government in 1867 was in the hands of a man who was not without some valuable qualities, but who had no real knowledge of the wants of the nation. Under Mr. **Johnson** and his adherents the course of freedom must have been embarrassed, or perhaps stopped forever. He was anxious to place obstacles in its way, and to revive the perishing sentiment of caste that had covered the land with disaster. Nearly eight years ago General **Grant** and his administration came into office, the successors of a reign of violence and corruption. The country was divided by intense and bitter dissensions. It was broken, bleeding, almost hopeless. The new government undertook the restoration of the republic. A task more difficult than a siege of Richmond or Vicksburg lay before it, in which it was to be impeded every hour by the clamor of enraged foes or doubtful friends, in which even the people were to be sometimes almost deceived by the daring insolence of the enemies of the President and of their country.

Eight years ago the commerce of the country had been swept from the seas by the Democratic insurgents, and their cruisers received with acclamation in the ports of France and England. More than once France and England had threatened to intervene and destroy the republic which had taught nations how to be free. Our commerce, our industry, in 1868 had apparently received fatal wounds. Large districts of country were thrown out of cultivation; the ravages of war had drawn thousands from the plow and the loom, and decimated the strength of the new generation. The men who should have tilled the fair fields of Minnesota or Montana lay buried thickly in the swamps of Mississippi and the Wilderness of Virginia. Emigration had declined or was slowly reviving. Over the rebellious States labor had in a great measure ceased. The production of their chief staple had been stopped by war. The cultivation of cotton had been transferred to Egypt and India. It was doubtful if the American farmer had not been deprived forever of his best market and supplanted effectually by the fellahs of the Nile and the rayahs of Hindostan. In the South a nation of laborers had been raised from slavery to freedom. Would the colored race work cheerfully for their former masters or themselves? In 1868 the two races still seemed to stand apart in lasting hostility, and upon this divided, wasted country hung a debt that a few years before would have been held the pledge of certain bankruptcy. A nation that had once been affrighted at an expenditure of $80,000,000 yearly, was now called upon to provide for liabilities reaching to more than two billions and a half—the price of freedom, the result of Democratic rebellion. Under Mr. JOHNSON'S careless rule every branch of the administration was tainted with shameless peculation; every department was embarrassed by the presence of disloyal officials or men of doubtful characters. The revenue was lost in its collection; the taxes were heavy beyond example; the frauds unequaled. Meantime the disloyal Democracy was rising every where to avenge slavery, and dishonor or destroy the republic. The Southern States were filled with the violent deeds of that cruel minority which had once forced them into rebellion, and was still resolved to rouse them to a new revolt. The Democratic leaders profited by its aid. They cried out for repudiation and national bankruptcy. They strove to make the nation dishonest. They would convert all freemen into thieves. They would have robbed the German bond-holder, and plundered all who had lent their money to the nation in its hour of need. In New York, the Democratic and ultramontane centre, Tammany Hall organized its unscrupulous opposition, and under TWEED, SWEENY, TILDEN, HOFFMAN, threatened to extend over the whole nation that system of fraud, that boundless dishonesty, which has made the Democratic government of the city of New York the reproach of freedom, the chief peril of its people.

In the midst of such dangers and difficulties the administration of General GRANT came into power. With unquestioned honesty, with firmness, with a clear and rapid forecast, the President and his advisers have labored to reconstruct and renew the republic, to preserve its good name, to pay its just debts, provide an honest currency, to spread security of life and property every where, to repress revolt, to reduce the burdens of the people, to inculcate humanity, education, toleration, to perpetuate freedom. And they have been successful. Eight years of Republican rule have restored the government and renewed the vigor of the nation. The people govern; the land is free. Without a navy, without an army, save for the purposes of a national police, with no strength but in the common resolution to observe the laws, a powerful government rules from ocean to ocean. Honesty and firmness mark all its measures. It has paid its debts with scrupulous exactness. It has promised a quick return to an honest currency. It has condemned repudiation with a just disdain. The German bond-holder or the foreign creditor need fear no dishonest measures so long as GRANT and the Republicans rule. In every decisive period of the past eight years the President has acted with a clear sense of the wants of the people, and a discreet resolution to maintain their rights. He has repressed disorder; he has carefully observed and sustained the laws. Within eight years the taxes have been so rapidly reduced that our government is already more cheaply administered than any other. It costs six dollars a head to carry on the government of the United States, fifteen dollars for the French, twelve dollars for England. In the mean time our debt has been rapidly diminished; and with its extinction the cost of carrying on the national administration will sink to nearly one-half its present amount. To the reduction of the expenses General GRANT pledged himself at the opening of his career. He has fulfilled his promise. It would be easy to complete the parallel between the nation of 1868 and the nation of 1876; to show how anarchy has been reduced to good order; how the Ku-Klux have been held in check or the thieves of Tammany Hall frightened from their prey; how England has made reparation for the aid it gave to the rebel cruisers; how commerce is reviving; how the Western fields once more pour forth their boundless harvests; how the colored laborers have renewed the productiveness of the Southern States, and, amidst many perils and oppressions, have again supplanted their Egyptian or Hindoo rivals in the European markets; how education, humanity, good order, prevail in every section of the republic except where a violent faction, calling itself Democratic, rules; and how all this wonderful transformation has been accomplished within eight years. Again the tide of prosperity is setting toward us. The fatal burdens and the intense poverty imposed by the Democratic rebellion are passing away to return no more. A pacific victory has been won not less decisive than that of Richmond. The administration of President GRANT replies to the endless calumnies of the opposition by the restoration of the republic.

Yet one chief labor of the Republican party lies before it, and it is that which President GRANT has indicated with perfect clearness. It must educate the people. This is a duty rising far above the usual cries of politics, one that must at last engross all the best intellect of the nation, and form a common ground upon which the West, North, East, and South can most properly unite. An educational amendment to the Constitution and educational suffrage will alone raise us to an equality with the swift progress of modern nations. An army of gentle and accomplished school-mistresses can alone extirpate barbarism in Georgia and soften the children of Texas into humanity and civilization. To carry on its warfare with ignorance must be the future aim of the Republican party. To reform the nation, let us begin almost at the cradle. On this Western continent knowledge must rule. Its enemies are powerful and active, bitter, resolute, terrible, but with the success of Republicanism it is certain of victory.

For those who have been sometimes shaken in their confidence in the results of President GRANT'S administration by the invectives of the opposition, it will be well to remember that he was as bitterly assailed when he stood before Richmond, or seemed baffled by the heights of Vicksburg.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

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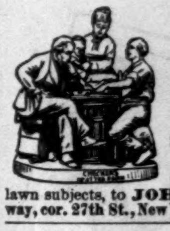

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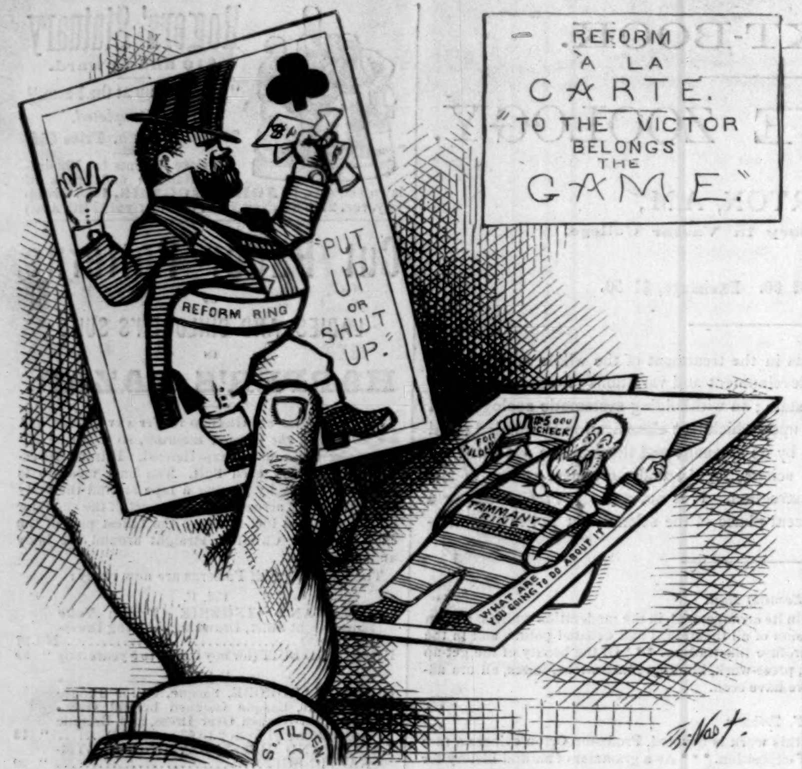

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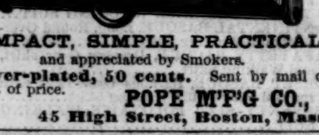

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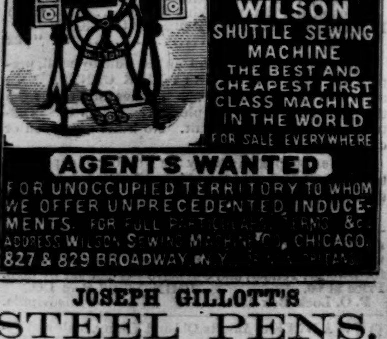

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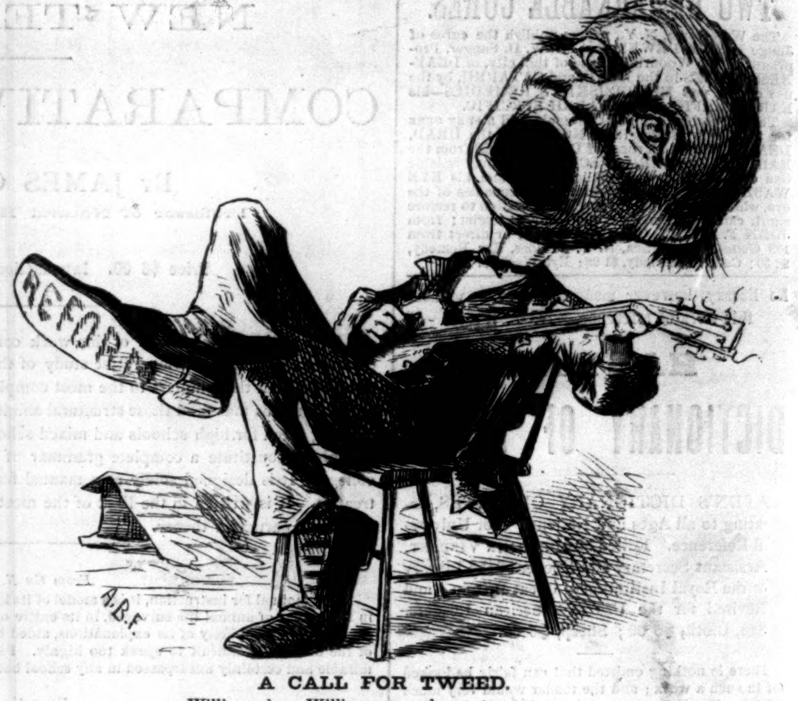

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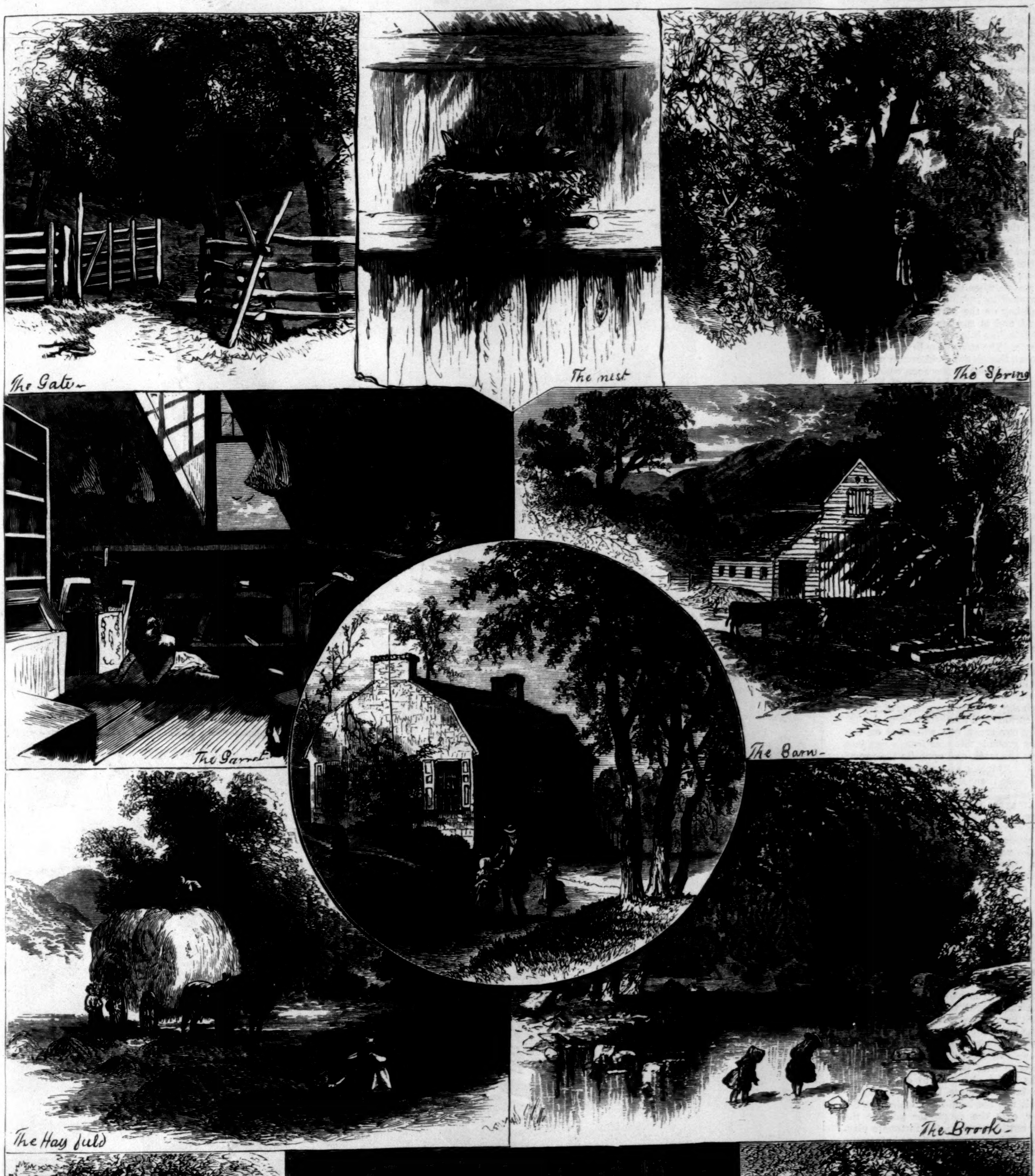
The Gate
The nest
The Spring
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Play House

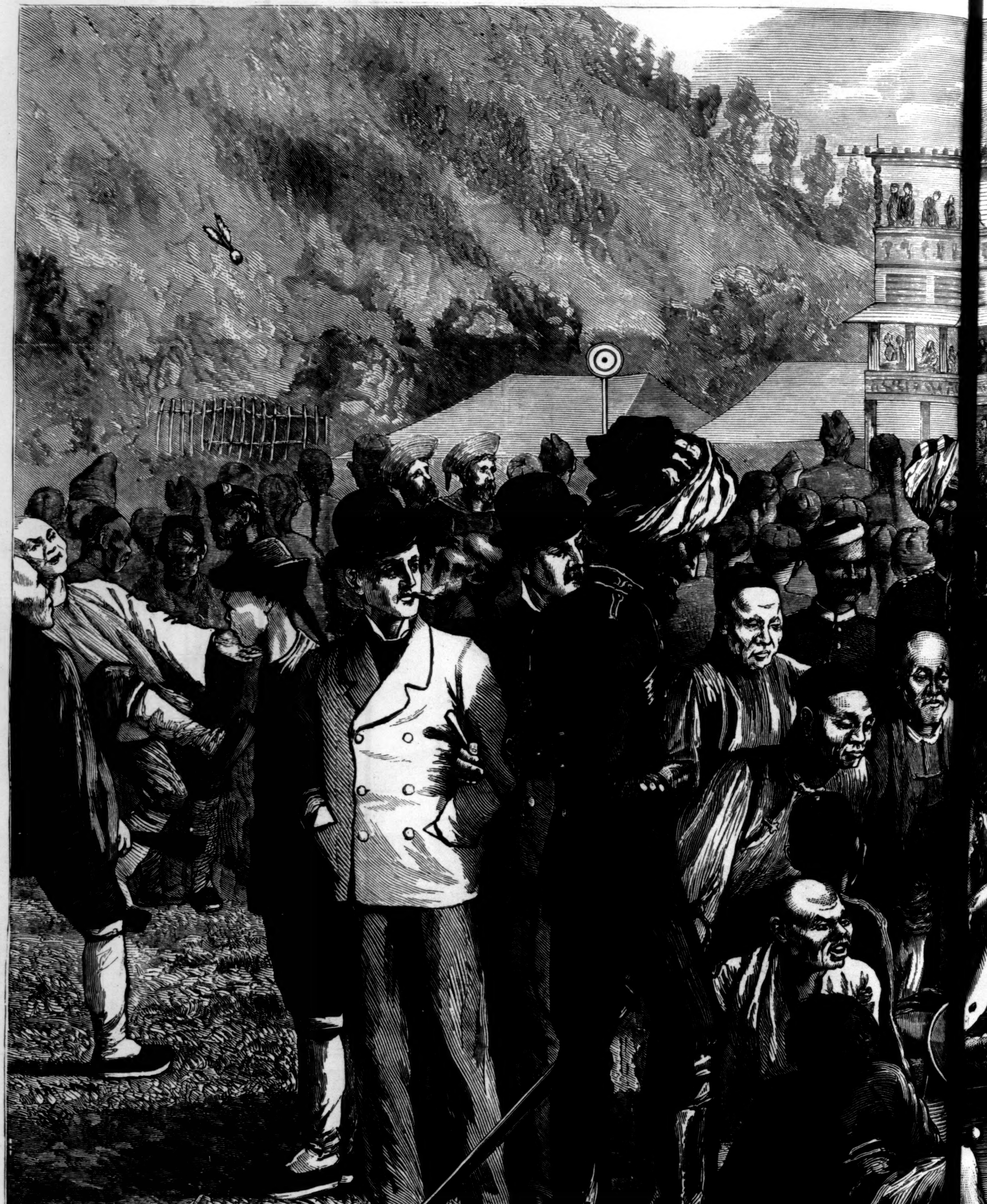
A VISIT TO GRANDFATHER'S HOME.—[DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS, FROM SKETCHES BY EVA MULLER.]

RACES AT HONG-KONG.

THE island of Hong-Kong, which two words, according to the Chinese dialect, signify "Fragrant Stream," lies in the estuary of the Chu-Kiang, about one hundred miles south of Canton. It is nine miles long, from two to six broad, and contains an area of about thirty-two square miles. This island is covered to the very shore with mountains, many of the peaks reaching a height of nearly two thousand feet. The climate, though not so bad as in the early years of the colony, when the ground was first opened for building purposes, is still very unhealthy for Europeans. From May to October the heat is not only oppressive in the extreme, but the heavy rains that fill the atmosphere with dampness make it all the more intolerable to foreigners. The city of Victoria, especially, is so situated that it is shut out from the refreshing influences of the southwest monsoon, so that during four months of the year only can the climate be considered at all attractive. This is in the so-called winter season, when the thermometer ranges from 40° to 75°. The town lies on a small bay on the northern shore of the island, and is surrounded by mountains which inclose it in a great natural amphitheatre. The streets are broad and magnificent, though the architecture presents the monotonous appearance common to Chinese cities. The harbor of Victoria is commodious and safe, the roadstead having a depth of from three to seven fathoms, and affording good anchorage.

During the war between Great Britain and China which resulted in the opening of the five ports to foreign trade, Hong-Kong was occupied by the English as a precautionary measure. In 1843 it was ceded in perpetuity to her Britannic Majesty by the Chinese. Since then it has become one of the most flourishing of the British colonies. It has risen in importance with the gradual increase of commerce, and in all probability will in time be among the most valuable as well as the most picturesque and attractive of the British possessions in Asia.

The Chinese are not behind other races in their love of amusement. They have their theatres and music-halls, their clubs, bowling-alleys, and race-courses. The yearly races at Victoria bring together a motley crowd of characters, representing nearly every nation under the sun. Strangers in the town find the mixture of nationalities and the variety of sports in which they indulge exceedingly diverting. The curious and interesting scene depicted by our artist was witnessed on the racing grounds this year from a spot just across the track and opposite the grand stand. Mingling with the various types of Chinese there seems to be a fair proportion of Europeans, the majority of whom apparently belong to the army. There are the British officer and private, the irrepressible blue-jacket, and the Lascar artillery-man, all engaged in watching the various ways in which the "heathen Chinee" beguiles the intervals of waiting so inevitable at a race-course. The Sikh police are also represented. Many of these are remarkable for their stature, but more particularly for their picturesque head-dress, which they arrange in a style at once graceful and peculiar. In the left of the picture we catch a glimpse of the favorite game of shuttlecock, played with the feet, at which the Chinese are so wonderfully expert. In the centre is another group engaged in an amusement, very simple, but at the same time very profitable to the proprietor of the apparatus with which it is played. This resembles a small sieve, tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and supported in that position by three small sticks. The object is to drop a small coin into this sieve in such a manner that it will not bound out again. In the latter case the proprietor pockets the coin, but if it remain, the fortunate player is paid in oranges, while, as before, the coin becomes the property of the owner of the sieve. As the chances are about twenty to one in favor of the coin bounding out, the proprietor generally carries away considerable spoil.



THE RACES AT VICTORIA, HONG-KONG—A SK N TH

Gambling is a luxury in which the Chinese of all classes indulge more or less. During the time when gambling houses were under government supervision, they became the open resort of most respectable Chinamen—men whom a foreigner might have taken for patterns of native virtue; and yet they must have acquired their passion for this vice when it was still under the ban of the law. In his late work, *Malacca, Indo-China, and China*, published by the HARPERS, MR. J. THOMSON says, "It took me by surprise, when visiting a gaming house, to find one or two Chinese shop-keepers, otherwise noted for eminent respectability, busily engrossed at the table; indeed, I should hardly have been more amazed had I beheld an elder of the Scotch Kirk cautiously staking his savings after church hours on Sunday."

Lotteries are also in great vogue in China at all times. For these there are tickets sold, upon which a series of numbers has been engrossed. The purchaser pays his money and marks ten of the numbers—those which, by some secret process of his own, he may have fixed upon as the lucky ones. The marked ticket is then paid in, and the holder receives in exchange a duplicate ticket, marked in the same way. On the day of drawing, the numbers are supposed to be dealt with by a mystic being who dwells perpetually in darkness. He who holds three of the winning numbers receives back his own money, and he who holds the ten numbers receives six thousand times his stake. Assuming that the whole transaction is honestly carried through, the banker not infrequently pockets as much as fifty per cent.—his profit for managing the lottery.

At one time in Hong-Kong the passion for gambling that characterizes all Chinese communities received the credit, probably with justice, of being at the root of much of the crime and petty larceny among servants and subordinate office employés. The police were found incompetent to keep the popular vice in check, and, as a consequence, it became more and more in fashion throughout the island. At last the authorities determined to try the experiment of licensing gambling houses, and instituted a gambling farm, in order to bring the evil under the strictest surveillance and control. The experiment was a bold one, and, as a matter of course, received violent opposition in many quarters. So strongly did the current of public opinion pronounce against the policy, that no very long time elapsed before the ordinance was suppressed. Yet during its short career the licensing system contributed about $14,000 a month to the treasury, and, judging from local government statistics, materially aided in the suppression of crime. It was, besides, supposed to maintain a higher moral tone among the native police, who, when secret gambling houses flourish, are continually seduced by bribes into neglecting their duty. One of the first practical difficulties in carrying out the newly inaugurated plan was the conscientious scruples, which apparently affected even the promoters of the measure, as to the application of a constantly accumulating fund derived from so polluted a source. It was even suggested to drop it silently into the sea and be done with it. Certainly if the policy of sheltering this particular vice, in order to effect a diminution of crime in the colony, had been sound, the proceeds of the ga n might been expended in e police f efficient, and in lig general taxation borne by ts. But nance was abolish e efficien unpopular and haz od of su crime could be put al test.

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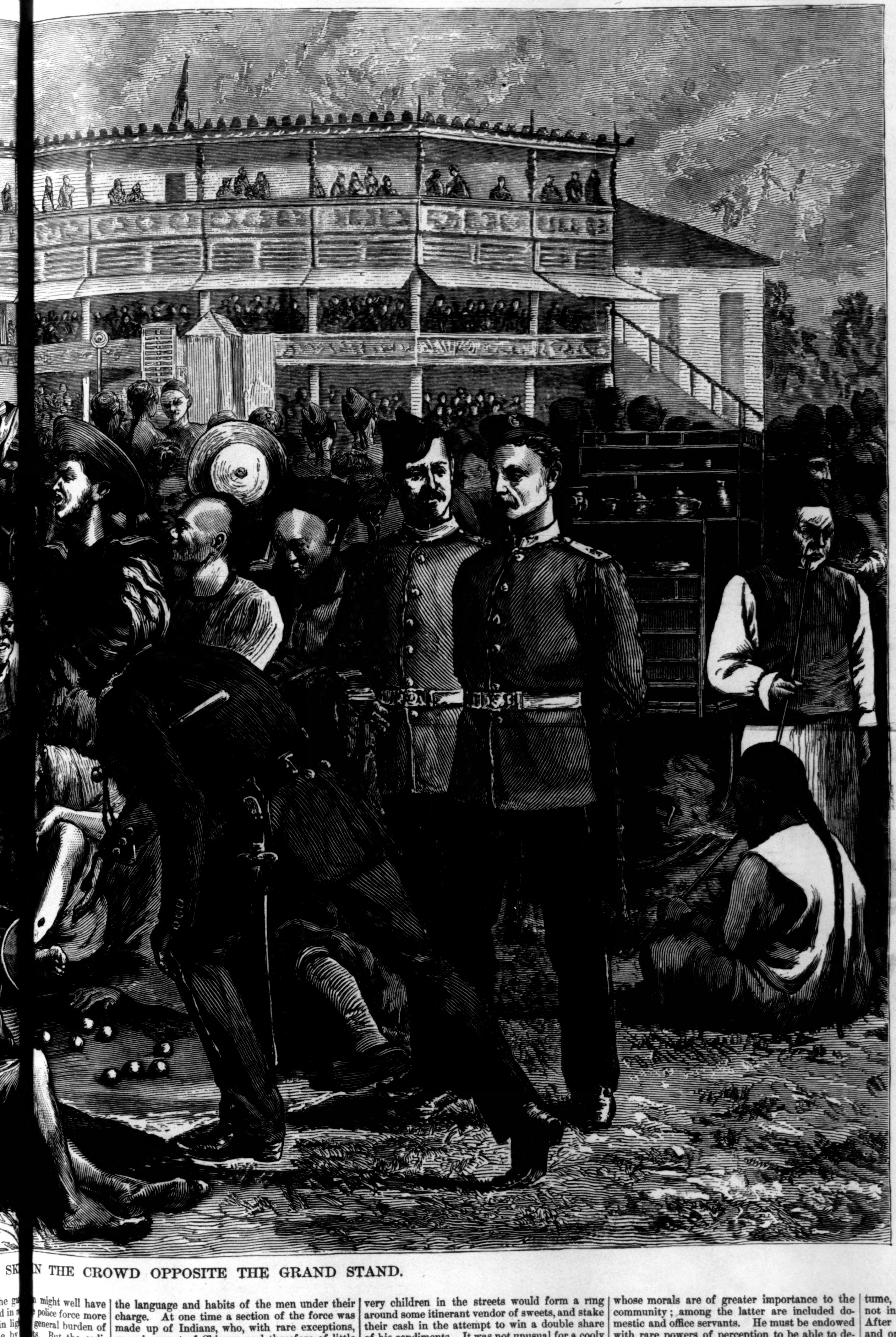

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the language and habits of the men under their charge. At one time a section of the force was made up of Indians, who, with rare exceptions, were ignorant of Chinese, and therefore of little service in detecting crime, while some of them were sufficiently familiar with Chinese manners to maintain a dignified silence in regard to their discoveries when urged to do so by a judicious use of the coin of the realm.

Yet even in the days of licensed houses it was impossible to confine gambling to those limits. It was still carried on secretly in clubs and private dwellings. Even the coolies in leisure moments practiced this amusement at the corners of the streets. Dice, also, were in constant demand among petty traders and peddlers. The very children in the streets would form a ring around some itinerant vendor of sweets, and stake their cash in the attempt to win a double share of his condiments. It was not unusual for a cooly to sit down deliberately and gamble away not only his present possessions, but his next month's wages, until his very clothes were held in pawn by the lucky winner.

Mr. Thomson, from whose excellent work we have already quoted, gives the following graphic description of the gambling houses in Victoria: "These establishments are well worth inspection. As you approach one from the street, you notice a European seated at the outer doorway. This individual is supposed to select and admit the men who ought to gamble, and exclude those whose morals are of greater importance to the community; among the latter are included domestic and office servants. He must be endowed with rare powers of perception to be able to determine the occupation of each visitor to the house (it would have been called a hell before the new ordinance came into force, but now it was a sort of heaven, with a gate-keeper who separated the wheat from the chaff), for tickets could afford no protection, as they might be passed from hand to hand. This watchman could also test for himself the power of the new law to suppress bribery and corruption. At the top of a narrow wooden staircase we found an apartment lit by a smoking oil lamp. This room was nearly square, and the ceiling above it had been pierced in the centre with a large square opening leading to the next floor or gallery. Above the gallery is a contrivance to accommodate the upper-ten, some of whom are bending over the railing, and looking eagerly down upon the long gambling table spread before us. One would scarcely have supposed it, but we were pressing forward for a good place among some of the most desperate ruffians of Hong-Kong. But let me now bring you to the spot to watch the game; the stakes are being made. That close-shaven, smooth-visaged, fat, placid Chinaman on the right is the banker; see how orderly is his array of coins and bank-notes, and how deftly he reckons the winnings and interest on the small sums, deducting a seven-per-cent. commission from the gains of every transaction. Behind him is his assistant weighing the dollars, broken silver, or jewelry of the players. Then at his side is the book-keeper, and on the left the teller. On the centre of the table is a square pewter slab, crossed with diagonal lines, and the sections thus formed bear the numbers, one, two, three, and four, respectively. All the stakes have now been made, including those dropped from above in a small basket attached to a cord. The teller, sleek, fat, and close-shaven, like his confrères, sits there conducting the vital part of the game with an air of stolid indifference; a man, to all seeming, of the strictest probity and honor, and yet, if report be true, he knows tricks in his trade which defy the detection of the hundred hawk-like eyes that watch his every movement. His sleeves are short, nearly up to his armpits, and in his right hand he wields a single thin ivory rod. Before him on the table there is a pile of polished cash. From this he takes up a huge handful of coin, places it on a clear space, and covers it with a brass cup. When all the stakes are made, the cup is removed, and the teller proceeds with the extreme end of his ivory wand to pick out the cash in fours, the remaining number being that which wins. It is at this stage of the game that we observe a striking peculiarity in the Chinese character. There are no passionate exclamations, no noisy excitement, no outbursts of delight, no deep cursing of adverse fate. It is only in the faces of the players that we can perceive signs of emotion or of the sullen, desperate determination to carry on, at all hazards, until fortune smiles once more or leaves them beggared at the board."

A TURKISH BRIDE.

The natural result of Turkish customs in regard to marriage is that the sentiment of love and the delicacies of courtship are almost unknown. A Turk who wishes to marry has recourse to some woman of mature age who exercises the profession of a matrimonial negotiator. This woman frequents the baths, and gives him a minute description of the personal charms of a certain number of Leilas and Nourmahals and other beauties of a marriageable age, taking proper care, of course, to adorn with the greatest profusion of metaphors the portrait of the young girl whom she herself favors, or whom it is her interest to select. The Effendi becomes a lover on the strength of her description. He sprinkles with bouquets of hyacinths the path by which his veiled idol must pass. After the interchange of a few glances (his share of which is limited to such glimpses of a pair of eyes as he can snatch through the close-drawn veil), he demands the maiden of her father, offering her a dowry proportioned to his passion and his fortune.

When the marriage has been decided upon, if the bride belong to a family of any distinction, invitations are sent to the ladies of other households to assist at the ceremonies proper to the occasion. On the morning of the appointed day they arrive in great numbers, and taking their seats in the chambers that have been prepared for their reception, they begin to smoke their nargilehs, which they bring with them for that purpose. At a given moment the bride makes her appearance among the company. She is richly attired, the orthodox Turkish wedding dress consisting invariably of an *autary* embroidered with gold, and made with the long train that is indispensable to an Eastern gala dress. Sometimes, however, young Mussulman ladies adopt the "Frank" style of costume, in which instance the wedding toilet is not infrequently imported complete from Paris. After displaying themselves in white satin, lace, and orange blossoms, however, they are obliged to wear, during a certain part of the day, the gold and velvet *autary* made in Stamboul for the occasion. The bride's head is covered with all the diamonds and rich jewelry which can be procured by purchasing and borrowing, and it frequently happens that the weight of these ornaments is so great that a friend or attendant is obliged to help her bear the burden of her own head. Four mounted diamonds are also fastened in the centre of each cheek, the chin, and forehead, in addition to which, and as a distinctive token of wedding attire, a veil spun from threads of gold is